THE SATURDAY EVE

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A WISH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MURPHY'S FISHING, AND WHAT HE CAUGHT.

The thunder-storm seen from the windows of Dewbank Hall, raged up at the Survey station with terrific violence; and when it was over, Mr. Murphy found his sketch-book, which, with characteristic carelessness, he had left outside the hut, reduced to its primary element of pulp. Further pursuit of his profession being therefore out of the question for that morning, and the time hanging very heavy on his hands, as it is apt to do with those who get up at sunrise, the painter strolled down the mountain, intending to go down to Sandalthwaite, and take his mid-day meal with Mr. Woodford. Not that that gentleman deserved the reputation of hospitality any more than those Scotch lairds and others who often acquire it on the same easy terms, but simply that, living in so out-of-the-way and retired a spot, he was thankful enough to get anybody of intelligence to talk to, and more especially one like Mr. Murphy, who was "such good company" to all he met. But that gentleman-artist being, like too many of his class, of a vacillating disposition, and liable to be decoyed from even such a set purpose as luncheon by the least temptation, was delayed, in a certain blind valley, for hours by the sport of trout-fishing. It is true that he had neither rod, nor line, nor flies, nor did he understand the art of "tickling;" but he was accustomed to be observant of details, and his eye having lit upon a certain pool, in which a number of fish were waiting for the water to rise sufficiently high to tide them over a natural bar at its mouth, he made up his mind to capture them. The drought had been so long continued, that the beck upon whose bank he stood had been almost dry until that morning, save for a few deep pools, out of some of which this shoal of speckled enthusiasts had doubtless been enticed by the rush of water. Now, it was not perhaps a sportsmanlike idea, but Mr. Murphy bethought him that if he could divert the course of the stream just above this natural "preserve," or stew-pond, its contents would be left at his mercy in their comparatively shallow bed. He was one of those men who continue to take delight in their school-boy pleasures (but without by any means neglecting the opportunities of manhood) as long as they live, and he was hugely pleased with what he was about. Moreover, the locality was a charming one: the valley looked as fresh and green as though it had just left the hands of its Creator; it was quite shut in by hills, save on the east, where it narrowed into a little wood, through which the stream ran roaring like a child that has lost its way; the beck itself had worn its bed so deep that in places it formed quite a ravine, and here and there among the shining stones there grew a sapling, though the dry rocks overhead were clothed only with the purple heather.

Mr. Murphy having finished his engineering operations, took off his shoes and stockings, and tucking up his trowsers, began cautiously to wade into the pool. It is difficult to judge of the depth of water until you are in it—it being much like a lawsuit in that respect—and reef after reef of his unmentionables had to be taken up until they were far above his knees. Then, indeed, he reached the fish, which, darting hither and thither like streaks of light, would perhaps have eluded him after all, but for the excess of their terror, which caused them to leap out upon the land itself, and become his prey.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," observed Mr. Murphy, smiling grimly to himself. "I think these must be female trout; that is just the line which women take when they fancy themselves in danger." But he forgot to reflect, when he grew tired of the sport, and the poor little creatures lay gasping and dying on the bank, in faded beauty, that he himself was behaving very like a man.

As he sat barelegged among his spoils, with a short black pipe in his mouth, he suddenly became aware of the long and angular shadow of Miss Selina Woodford projecting itself into the pool from behind him. "My dear madam," exclaimed he, without so much as turning his head, "if you have come hither in the interests of fish-preserving, I beg to state that these trout have committed suicide. I must do you the justice to say, however, that I have never before known you to be your brother's keeper."

"No, Mr. Murphy," replied the lady, unconscious of the sarcasm; "though I am sure if I were, you would be very welcome to all the fish in Sandalthwaite. What a naughty man you were not to come to luncheon! I—that is, my brother—quite expected you, I do assure you. It is not complimentary to prefer such sport as this to our company, I think. When I first caught sight of you, I really didn't know what you were about; I hesitated to leave yonder wood; I thought you might be"—. Here the mature but modest maiden began to hesitate, and a blush to mantle on her cheek, as though the saffron-flower should become a poppy.

"Thought I was bathing, Miss Selina, did you? You were afraid of horns growing out of your forehead, as in poor Actæn's case, eh? Well, I never heard of that misfortune occurring to a lady."

Mr. Murphy's observations were impudent, to say the least of them, and his manner was quite in keeping with his words: a contemptuous coolness characterised his tones, and his lip wore a mocking smile; but the contempt only was for the lady; the bitterness was evoked by his own distrust of himself. He knew that he might be the husband of Miss Selina for the asking, or rather for the answering, since it had been leap-year with her from the first day of their acquaintance; he was poor, he was in debt, and she had four thousand pounds of her own. On the other hand, he had been his own master all his life; Bohemianism had become his second nature, and the prospect of matrimony with such an individual was not alluring. How plain she was; how jealous she would be! Mr. Murphy was not deterred by feelings of morbid delicacy from setting before his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of the whole matter fully. Nor was Miss Selina, I think, altogether unaware of his misgivings, as she was certainly not unconscious of his slights. She bided her time in patience, like a ship's captain with a refractory crew, who in harbor uses blandishments, lest they shall desert, but inwardly resolves to pay them out for it with the cat-o'-nine-tails when he shall once get his ship into blue water.

"Mr. Murphy—Claude," said Miss Woodford, earnestly, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and keeping it there in spite of his struggles—"I have got some news to tell you of a very important character."

"I know it," said Mr. Murphy coolly. "Old Mr. Wilson is going to be married. Stupid old fool!"

"Very indiscreet, I ing the bride is such turned Selina gravely.

"Well, I am not a very much against a ford; I think one fo easily as most things."

The yellow face wa colorless eyes gave a d phorus match in dan Selina kept her tempe self-control enough to to her own advantage.

"The great mistake me, Claude, to be the the ages of husband a it, the happiest marria sons nearly of an age."

The unfortunate M handkerchief across h his breath in puffs; hi less embarrassing, wi firmly clutching his sh utterance to an opinio

"But the news I ha dear friend, is not co son at all; it is a matt My nephew, Charles—

"Now, I don't wa more against that po the painter with irrita Selina, you behaved u what is worse, you pe same. When I spoke of his seeing more o imagine I was urgin packed off to South A Adams was speaking o it's the talk of the quite ashamed of mys in that affair, I did in

"Nobody can be mo than I am," said Mis course, if I had dre come of it, I should h at home:" not, I own from mere selfish m has happened to him, say: 'See how tha profited by her nephe the greatest heiress in in reality, I am sure preach myself with—

"Is your nephew de the painter, hastily ste untarily brushing the companion's hand ha had left some blemish

"Yes, Claude, the While on a pleasure- bor at Rio, he fell ove

"And his 'little w does she take it?" as ingly. "It must be a Evelyn."

"Yes, doubtless; over these things. giving her some goo encourage her to thin she to get through lif thing to heart in this

"True," said Mr. M less heart we have, the waves of this trou

"Don't say that, Miss Selina insinua heart, how can we lo fear which I now ent being thus placed by a position—I speak o sense—prosperity sho and render me incap tions that beautify ou

"Such an apprehen dear Miss Selina," sai "But the temptation are not likely to ass mediately."

"I trust not, indee piously. "But life is Claude;" and once m fingers upon his co gave a little shiver, parted with his garm templates the perhaps tainly frigid stream in plunge. "And betw tinued she confidentia pain a great altera Ernest's health. You has been tried by dom collection of which pr has, I am sure, affe You have, however, to be rather irritabl must not be hard upo is not physically the m still in the prime of li than myself indeed— est anxiety concernin aware of his own pre low. This loss of hi manned him; and if heard him say this mo by emotion: "You a sumptive of Dewban will not be presumpti luding to his own c would have touched yours, Claude."

Even the recital of seemed to touch Mr

Y SWING POST

RDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2419.

think, truly, consider-
a chit of a girl," re-

ure that Youth is so
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ull gleam like a phos-
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r. Murphy passed his
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"

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to his uncle in favor
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deceased), I am sure it
a feeling heart like

this affecting incident
. Murphy, for he took

Miss Selina's disengaged hand, and squeezed it hard.

"Don't cry, Selina, don't cry," said he, which was the more considerate of him, since, except to the eye of love, not a tear was visible upon his companion's cheek.

"I can't help it," sobbed the maiden, hiding her face, for the want of a pocket-handkerchief, upon his shoulder: "it is very, very hard to have to bear all these troubles *alone*."

"Oh, my Jove!" groaned Mr. Murphy to himself, well knowing that the moment was supreme; but to her he sympathizingly murmured: "Oh, my love!"

"'Yes, grief will have way,' quoted Miss Selina, affecting not to hear him, "'and the fast-falling tear—' I forget the rest of it, Claude, dear; but you, who know all the poets by heart, can tell me."

"Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close,"

continued Mr. Murphy, shutting his eyes, for fear their humorous twinkle should be seen.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Selina, who, belonging to that numerous class who look upon all poetry as equally inappropriate to the affairs of human life, perceived no particular want of congruity in the quotation.

"If you were not so rich," said Mr. Murphy tenderly, "or if I were not so poor, I might ask you a question. Can you guess what it is?"

"Not I," returned Miss Selina with innocent gayety. "'Is it a riddle? Pretty little twinkling star, how I wonder what you are;' that used to be my favorite verse when I was a child. I always doted on riddles."

"It is not exactly a *riddle*, Selina; but if you were to say 'Yes' in answer to it, it would become a rebus, for I should kiss you, and you would kiss me again."

Miss Selina gave a tiny scream, such as you might have heard at the distance of a foot and a half, and thought it was a field-mouse. But he would not be denied. He selected a spot upon her blushing cheek—in fact, a freckle—and pressed his lips to it with the same gentle force that we use to affix a Queen's-head stamp.

"Dearest Claude," murmured she, "how could you?"

"Dearest Selina," returned he, "how could I help it?"

And this excuse justly being deemed unanswerable, she forgave him, without even exacting a promise that he would never so offend again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRESTLERS.

"Bonnie Kendal, Bonnie Langdale, Bonnie Westdale, Bonnie Ambleside," are sounds which the hills about Sandalthwaite have not been wearied of repeating this whole July afternoon. They are the cries with which the spectators round the Wrestling Ring strive to encourage their different champions, just as on the banks of Cam or Isis the contending crews are exhorted by the men of their own college to do their best in "Pull it out, *John's*;" "Now you're gaining, *Christ Church*." This enthusiasm is the nearest approach to patriotism—notwithstanding its somewhat parochial character—that has commonly the opportunity of expression, and moves men's minds to an extraordinary degree. The arrangements are of the simplest kind. The names of the combatants are drawn at hazard, two at a time, by village children. If two men of the same hamlet are thus drawn, the less skillful will often succumb to the other without a trial—"lie down," as it is called—whereby his opponent having purchased his victory thus cheaply, is all the more formidable an antagonist to those who, wearied with other struggles, will presently have to meet him, when the contest grows more select. And again, if a novice find himself fated to contend with a very good man, he will decline the honor from more prudential motives.

George Adams, being a total stranger, was not, of course, influenced by considerations of local advantage, and had never been known to "lie down" to any man, even in his least experienced days; while in the short twelvemonth which he had passed among the hills and meres, he had become quite an adept in this manly art. At a mere district meeting, therefore, such as the present, he was not without a chance of winning at least some of those prizes which would be awarded to the six last "standers," and, as we have seen, in his own secret heart, he cherished hopes of the champion's belt itself—that is, the belt of the light weights. That of the "heavies" was to be awarded on the morrow, and many of those who were entered for *it*, were now regarding the less ambitious contest among the "boys." There were also ancient heroes, chiefs before the Agamemnons of that day, whose years of battle were over, but who still took infinite interest in the proceedings, although they protested that feeling was not what it used to be in their time.

Mr. Claude Murphy—who has come hither partly to see his friend George Adams wrestle, and partly for the study of the human form divine which the sport affords him, and principally for the good-fellowship that is to be gleaned at such places—is standing next to one of these Nestors of the ring, and as he listens to his praises of the past, exchanges amused glances with a third person, in a suit of rusty black, and with a neckerchief which was white, I suppose, when it was first put on, but which sadly needs soap and water. This is Mr. Herbert Warton, the Sandalthwaite doctor, a man of many inches, and with eyes that would be very keen but for a certain filminess, such as is often seen in those who indulge too much in spirituous liquors.

"So the art is lost, John, is it, since your time," observes he to the old statesman, as the small farmers are called in those parts, "and there is now no such thing as 'fair felling?'"

"I did not say that, doctor—although it is certain you do not see the 'swinging hype' so often as you used to do—but there was a time when the wrestling ring never held a rogue. Now the lads look to the money, ay, and will take the money, too, in preference to gaining that which should be their greatest pride. If you'll come to my house yonder, after this—but you've been there a dozen times; I was forgetting—but if Mr. Murphy will, I can show him five-and-forty belts, not one of which would I sell for its weight in— Well, you may laugh, gentlemen, but at least I would not part with them for a trifle. As for 'lying down' to a man for money, I don't know, for my part, how such a thing can ever come about; how one can judge another to be such a scoundrel as to venture upon any such offer; and yet they do it, some of these fine fellows. Yah!"

It would have been hard to match this last ejaculation of the honest dalesman among all the synonyms for contempt; and when he had uttered it, as if suiting his action to his word, he spat upon the ground.

"Yet all that our friend means," observed the doctor to Mr. Murphy, smiling, "is that *one* man of those who wrestle to-day has been accused of the meanness he describes. Miles Ripson, yonder—'Talk of the devil,' you see he's in the next pair—is said to prefer pudding to praise, and would rather have money in his pocket, notwithstanding 'there is nothing like leather,' than any belt in the North around his middle, except perhaps the Newcastle one, which has the silver towers,—there, you see, he's got his ticket for nothing; Lile Jemmy has laid down to him, and small blame to the little fellow; for Miles is a good wrestler, there's no denying, and as like to be king as any man under eleven stone."

"That's what makes it so much worse," growled the ancient athlete. "Heaven didn't give him those thews and sinews to win his bread in that underhand fashion. Did you ever see such muscles for a young un?"

Miles had stripped himself to his drawers and flannel waistcoat, in preparation for the contest which was fated not to come off, and a magnificent model of strength and suppleness he looked. His features, too, were very handsome, although much paler than those of the majority of the competitors. This was doubtless owing to the nature of his trade, which caused him to pass his days under ground in the Wadhole, an employment entirely of his own seeking, since his old mother, the village post-mistress, would gladly have resigned her office to her son; but such a responsible position was not to Miles's taste, although it was said he condescended to share with her the emoluments thereof. In spite of her entreaties, he had taken to working in the lead-mine, the consequences of which, as we have said, were already to be seen in his handsome face, the pallor of which was increased by contrast with his hair and eyes, which were jet black.

"What a bad expression the young fellow has!" observed Mr. Murphy, "although he is so handsome. I remember seeing him thrown, when I was up here last summer, by—by quite a boy; and when he rose from the ground, he might have served as a model for Satan. Indeed, I though of transferring him to canvas, only that the fellow was as extortionate in his demands as though he had been the devil himself."

"Yes, I remember that," rejoined the doctor, thoughtfully. "It was poor Charles Woodford who threw him; he was but sixteen years old at the time; and doubtless Miles was unlucky, but he never forgave the lad. I daresay he was glad enough to hear the news at the Hall this afternoon. Poor boy, poor boy! If Miles would have done for your devil, I am sure Charlie might have stood for your Archangel Michal. What pluck there was in that mere child?"

Mr. Murphy did not speak; his attention, like that of the old wrestler, seemed to be entirely taken up in the proceedings in the ring; but the doctor noticed a red spot upon

each of his cheeks. "He don't like the subject," murmured he to himself. "I wonder whether Miss Selina has become more attractive to him since post-time this morning; he surely never *can* marry her, after the things he has said of her to me. And yet, what won't a man do for money—or at least for what money gets?" Here Mr. Warton knit his brows, although unconsciously, and his red face grew a shade nearer to purple. He was thinking of what he would do, or perhaps had done, for money, himself. There are men who often fall into such reveries without the least regard to the business that may be taking place about them: at church, or at the play; at the grave's mouth, while they are watching the coffin of some dear one descend into the mocking void for ever; nay, in the very ball-room, while the dancers are whirling past to the merry music, their thoughts will play the truant. In vain for Herbert Warton the lake lay sparkling in the evening sun, and the footbridge, with its wooden arches, crossed its junction with the little river, making the prettiest foreground in the world; in vain the mountains closed around the scene their giant arms. He beheld it all as plainly as Claude Murphy did, but he might just as well have been blind, for any knowledge that he had of their existence. In vain the wrestlers came and went, and strove and fell, and the great throng around them kept an anxious silence, or burst forth into loud acclaim: he saw and heard as plainly as the old athlete by his side, but his mind was far away; the scenes of a wasted youth were hurrying across his brain; the disappointments of his manhood; the records of that weakness which had wrought his ruin; the knowledge that his opportunity in life had passed away was recurring to him, as it often did, in a long gallery of pictures, in each of which he formed the central figure. How happy had that boy Charles Woodford been, to die so young? Thrice did Mr. Murphy address the doctor ere he began to hear his words.

"Warton, Warton! see, the last pair is coming on, and you will miss, in your brown-study, the prettiest bit of wrestling that to-day has had to show. George Adams is left alone with Ripson. You were talking about angels a while ago, and if ever a young soldier deserved to be in the Light Company, and wear wings— See what a frank expression he has, and how it contrasts with Miles's scowl! Not that there is much love lost between them, but—"

"Hush, sir, hush!" cried the old wrestler peremptorily; "don't you see they have got 'holt?'"

And in truth the two young men, discarding all the feints and subtleties which they had not scrupled to use with their previous competitors, had at once grappled with one another, and were already contending for the fall. The two Umpires were walking slowly round them, and followed with their eyes their every movement; but the spectators watched them with scarcely less of keenness, it being the struggle for the belt, which would be decided by the best out of three falls. With every muscle at fullest stretch, and their veins starting out upon their brows, the two young athletes stood, first shoulder to shoulder, then head to head, as the circle of their arms shifted upwards, then whirled on a sudden so rapidly round, that one could scarcely distinguish one from the other, till at last both came to earth with a thud—Miles Ripson uppermost.

"Pretty, pretty!" exclaimed the old wrestler approvingly; "that's the old sort that used to be when I was a boy."

"I am very sorry for George," observed Mr. Murphy gloomily; "I am afraid he is overmatched."

"Bonnie Georgie, bonnie Georgie," cried many a voice, but it was rather in the tone of pity than of encouragement. His popularity, although he was a stranger, was greater than that of his rival; but the wrestling ring affords that "fair field and no favor" so much desired, though so seldom found, its plaudits are very properly reserved for him and all who has proved himself the best man.

George Adams took not the slightest notice of these well-meant signs of favor, but with his fine face very pale and still, walked slowly towards the centre of the ring to meet his antagonist.

Miles Ripson, on the other hand, with a flush of triumph on his dark face, stepped swiftly forward, and placed his arms about the other, as though they were the garland of some victim doomed to the sacrifice.

"He is making too sure," muttered the old wrestler; "you lad is not to be trifled with.—There, see, he has too high a holt. Yes, a holt, a holt!" cried he, in corroboration of the umpire's decision, to which Miles Ripson's voiceless lips had appealed in vain. "Bonnie Georgie, bonnie Georgie, if Miles *does* get out of that, I shall almost like the fellow."

But although Ripson acquitted himself exceedingly well in the disadvantageous position in which his own rashness had placed him, his mistake was a fatal one. After a close and trying struggle, in which neither seemed to leave his foothold, but to grow out of the very ground, like embracing trees, Miles was lifted into the air, and (notwithstanding that his less powerful opponent staggered under the burden) deposited like a sack, which is too heavy for its bearer, upon the trampled earth.

A great shout broke forth from all present; not because Miles was thrown, but because his defeat was mainly attributable to a neglect of that excessive caution which had gained him already more than one victory. His system had hitherto been to weary out his opponents by feeling for a hold, but never to grasp his fingers until he had obtained so superior a grappling-place as almost insured his success. His passionate antipathy to the young Sapper had prevented him from practising his usual caution with *him*, or perhaps the result of the last encounter had rendered him too confident in his own powers. "There is a third fall yet!" muttered he between his teeth, as he rose uninjured from the earth.

"Yes, there is," returned the young soldier quietly. "Let us get it over."

But Miles Ripson was no longer in a hurry. George waited for him, until cries arose of "Time, Time!" all round the ring, and when he came forth at last, he stooped, and took up earth in his hands, as though he were washing them, in order to gain the firmer hold.

"You will grip fast enough without that, Ripson," said George good-humoredly, for his own fingers were twitching nervously enough, and longing to clasp his foe.

"Stop!" cried the umpires—"stop!" as the pair began making those circular mesmeric passes over each other's shoulders peculiar to the northern mode of wrestling. "You have forgotten to shake hands."

"We will shake hands when we get our holt," answered Miles grimly. "We are not so fond of one another, we two."

Round and round walk the umpires, until their eyes grow weary with watching, and still the two young men stand like graven images except for the shifting hands thrown outward behind each other now and again, to certify that they have taken no hold. As each chin rests upon the other's shoulder in that unloving embrace, it is strange to mark the set resolve in the firm lips, the nervous twitching of the nostrils, and the vigilance of the anxious eyes. "Take care, take care, Bonnie Georgie; he is tiring you out," cried Claude Murphy.

"Whist, whist," returned the ancient athlete; "dinna fash yoursel. The chiel kens that weel enough for hissel."

At which there was a burst of laughter, followed by a roar of excitement and admiration: "They have holt—they have holt!" So narrowly was every movement watched by the spectators, that they perceived when the fingers met with meaning and not in feint, as immediately as the umpires themselves. And in a moment the two almost motionless figures began to writhe and strain like a couple of fierce-eyed snakes, whose power lies in their folds. Then, again, as though turned to stone, they once more stood, but this time in a position from which there could be no change for one of them at least, and probably for both, save when they should kiss mother-earth. Ripson had wound his right leg round his rival's left, and was bending his slender body backward by the whole weight of his own. Adams, after an ineffectual attempt to bear him back, submitted to this burden, which he knew was by no means *resting* itself, as sturdily as he could for a few seconds, albeit the perspiration stood upon his brow with the pain as much as with the strain; then feeling Miles's leg-clasp relax, he knew that his moment had arrived, and mustering his little remaining strength, he swung himself swiftly round, to fall indeed, and with crushing force, but to fall with his rival under him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DECEMBER SERENADE.

BY ALICE CARY.

One, by the stroke of the clock!
The time drags heavy and slow;
And I wake from dreams as full of thee
As the clouds are full of snow,
From dreams as white with thee, my dove,
As the clouds are white with snow.

I call thee all sweet names,
Song-lark, lily, and rose,
And I only hear the night-fowl's cry,
And the wind as it beats and blows,
And the moan of the river under the hill
Freezing as it flows.

One, by the stroke of the clock!
The night will never go by!
My love, thou hast grown as cold
As the gray cloud up in the sky!
Yet come, and snow thyself in my arms,
And chill me till I die.

American Women.

An English woman writes thus of her American sisters in an English journal:

"Their faces are perfectly charming. I never could come to America and return unmarried if I were a man. Such sweet, delicate, refined little faces, and with such lovely dark eyes. Broadway disappointed her. 'It is not at all a fine street, and the shops are really mean—mean—nothing but mean—but it is an odd, odd place. The people all look so independent; even the beggars just carelessly request money, and then go away instantly; and, oh! the loud chorus of hawking and spitting all round, wherever one turns!' Anything so intensely polite as the Americans, she never saw. 'Talk of the French! I never was amongst a nation who were not bears in comparison to these. You always get a civil, amiable answer. They all do all they can for you, and as to a lady, she is a perfect queen. Old or ugly, gentle or simple, men leave their seats in the street car for them—and I believe one might have anything she liked.' Washington she found a sort of straggling, immense village. At a ball there, the mixture of people was most extraordinary. 'Some ladies were gorgeously dressed, going before Paris fashions almost. Some looked the oddest creatures that one could meet at a public ball, with dresses off the ground and made high. I was much disappointed in the amount of beauty, as I scarcely saw any really pretty faces; and then the oddest of all was the young ladies, almost all coming alone, or two or three together, and escorted by a gentleman acquaintance.' Gen. Grant was present, 'a short, determined looking man, not very unlike Garibaldi."

☞ Canada is responsible for a novelty in contested election cases. A defeated candidate for one of the local legislatures has instituted about forty suits against various people for accepting bribes to vote against him, claiming $200 to $400 damages in each case.

☞ When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment:—"Little baby, thou enterest the world of weeping, while all around thee smile. Contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

☞ A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, says: "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application." The world renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules: Be an off-handed man; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or plan. Be cautious and bold.

☞ Never waste argument on a man who does not know logic from logwood, which is the case with half the people who love disputation.

How the Swis

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Swiss writer, that th
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He frequently goes t
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you?" Or sometimes
rate fashion, as in the
knocked one evening
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gan:

"It is God's will
girl should come to
make up my mind
but I should like t
mean to give her—ab
I fancy?"

"I approve the mat
party; "but I can
more than a hundred

"You don't mean

"Indeed I do; no
and even that is too

Then replied the fa

"It is not God's w
come together. The
fathomable, and His
Good-night. No offe

"Quite the reverse
quietly closed the wi

☞ Rev. Dr. Ch
living amid the activ
century is a condens

SATURDAY E

PHILADELPHIA, SAT

NOTICE.—We do no
scripts, unless they
correspondents. An
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not be responsible
return of any manus

CURIOUS

Our readers know t
Duke of Reichstadt,
ror of France, nith
Waterloo, abdicated
the present Emperor
leon the *third*. A co
lish journal gives the
of this fact:—

"It is said that
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three notes of admir
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"III.," and he was f
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since been known;
that his proper title
leon II."

A METAPHYSI

Picking up a ci
thrown into our en
found an advertise
"Metaphysical Disc

That "all the fool
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land. The advertise

My Metaphysical Disc
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in putting the liquid
preparations is to be rub
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through the ears. The
absorption, all acting co
clearing the eyes, search
the body, dissolving th
clogged, and passing it d
channels, thus cleansin
system.

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remedy is to be admin
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Rest your head one sid
shoulder; then FILL the
liquid. Take a firm h
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as freely at first as after
is more agreeable, and
slightly warmed, which
cork and standing the bo
water. *I have often p*
tubes full into one ear in
ears often discharge bo
after using this remedy.
such things removed.

Much will depend upo
to the quantity and freq
the ear. At first, it is be
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and dizziness, as it oft
two, one application a
some cases, three times
bronchial tubes are in
cough, do not apply it
times a week; but the
vator should be continu
wool in the ears. In s
do not be alarmed, if fo
deaf, or more deaf, whi
to the secretions or obst
vere, and you will certai

When you apply the R
of each ear three times
mands it.

Make Matches.

...stom in Berne, says a ...e lover's father should ...e parents of the bride ...o them and says: "My ...er. I suppose you have ...t it, and that it will suit ... he goes in more elabo... case of the father who ...late at a window, beg... look out, and then be...

...that my boy and your ...gether. I have had to ...o it, and so will you; ...o ask what dower you ...out a thousand pounds,

...ch," returned the other ...'t think of giving her ... pounds."

...it?" said the other.

...t one half-penny more, ...much."

...ormer,

...ill that the two should ...Lord's purposes are un... ways past finding out. ...nce, I hope."

...e," said the other, and ...ndow.

...aplin says that a man ...ities of the nineteenth ...d Methusaleh.

...VENING POST.

...URDAY, DECE'R 7, 1867.

...ot return rejected manu... ...come from our regular ...y postage stamps sent ...be confiscated. We will ...for the safe keeping or ...cript.

..., IF TRUE.

...that Napoleon's son, the ... was never really Empe... ...ough his father, after ... in his favor. And yet ... entitles himself Napo... ...rrespondent of an Eng... ...e following explanation

... when Louis Napoleon ...he French people to be ... the time was ripe for ...gn, he intended to have ...mperor under the title ...d that it was *accident* ...be called Napoleon III. ...er of placards had been ...ed and sent to all the ...rent departments and ... a certain day, with or... ...d be issued and distribu... ...try on the same morn... ...s were thus headed:— ...ve Napoleon!!! These ...ation were taken by the ... the Roman numeral ...; as such he has ever ... but it is equally true ...should have been Napo...

...CAL DISCOVERY.

...ecular which had been ...try the other day, we ...ment of Mrs. ——'s ...overy."

...s are not dead yet," will ...ne who reads this last ...ve medical genius of the ...ment in question says:

...overy is composed of three ...k in conjunction. It is put ...les, and inclosed in one box, ...nd a glass tube, to be used ...nto the ears. One of the ...bed into the scalp with the ...*gh the eyes, and the third* ... three enter the system by ...jointly in cooling the head, ...ing through *every avenue of* ...e mucus with which it is ...ownward through the proper ...g and purifying the entire

...edies should be used freely ...e cure of any complaint of ...*ot if your eyes are not dis...d, or that you are not deaf;* ...dies must enter your system ...e many thousand tubes and ...he eyes, ears and scalp lead ...; besides, the seat and cause ...e head.

...he reader suppose this ...istered through the ears ...d the following—it ex... ...e kind we ever heard of:

...e, placing a towel over your ...cavity of your ear with the ...old of the ear, and shake it ...sorbed. It does not pass in ...having been used awhile. It ... perhaps absorbs better, if ...nay be done by removing the ...ttle near the fire, or in warm ...*assed as much as six half* ...*three minutes' time.* The ...th hard and soft substances ... Watch them, and have all

...n the patient's judgment as ...ency of this application to ...st that you should apply it ...*Also it creates much nausea* ...*en does for the first week or* ... night may answer; and, in ... a week will do. Where the ...flamed, accompanied by a ... oftener than twice or three ...Rye Water and Scalp Reno... ...ed freely. Put no cotton or ...pplying the ear preparation, ...*r a short time, it makes you* ...*ch it sometimes does,* owing ...ructions passing off. Perse... ...nly be cured.

...ar Preparation, fill the cavity ... and oftener, if the case de...

And now for the eyes:—

Pour a little into *a small vial*, to *carry with* or *keep near you*. Bathe the eyes several times daily: if you are diseased, the oftener the better. If well, or in ordinary health, bathe them night and morning: dropping the Eye Water in at the corners, rubbing the eyes gently (not with a cloth, brush, or feather, but with the finger), also all about the eyes, nose, and temples. Twice or three times daily, it would be well to bathe the eyes copiously as follows: Rest the head *back*, and have a friend *fill* the *corners* (the eyes being shut) with the Eye Water; *then press the finger gently over the eye and corners, when the Eye Water will readily absorb, and in some cases run in, so thirsty is the machinery of the head for moisture.* If the Eye Water smarts much, it may be slightly diluted with cold water.

"So thirsty is the machinery of the head for moisture!" Is not this an enlightened age?

Of course there is the usual number of certificates from reverend and other gentlemen attached to this circular, saying how wonderfully they were cured of various ailments by the above reasonable processes.

A GOOD IDEA.

We see it stated that the English Ministry has introduced into the House of Commons, a plan for a new income tax at the rate of a penny per pound. The design of this tax, which is to endure for one year, is to defray the expenses of the Abyssinian war.

This strikes us as a capital idea, and one well worthy of imitation. Let the Tax bill always accompany the War bill, and nations will be apt to consider more seriously whether there is any real necessity for fighting. It is generally because the people cannot be prevailed upon to count the cost, that so many foolish and unnecessary wars are engaged in. The statesman who sets himself against a popular frenzy, is generally denounced as wanting in patriotism—and it is only when it is too late to profit by the counsels of wise and discreet men, that such counsels are estimated at their true value. But let no nation hereafter go to war, without making a probable estimate of the cost, and accompanying the declaration of hostilities with a proportionate tax bill. This will at least have some effect upon those voters who pay taxes, if it fails to influence those who do not.

THE LETTER U.

A mistake which is very often made in speaking, not only by ignorant persons, but by those of education and intelligence, is the substituting for the sound of u that of oo, as heard in *fool, food*, &c.

In many cases this wrong pronunciation is simply the result of carelessness, or because the speaker is uneducated and does not know any better; but sometimes it really seems very difficult to avoid the error, especially in words in which the u is preceded in the same syllable by one of the consonants d, t, l, n, s, th; the reason of this difficulty being as follows.

The organs of the mouth after forming these consonants are left in a position from which they can slide quickly and easily to the labial oo, but they are compelled to pass into another arrangement before they can be ready to form the u; hence we so often hear pronounced incorrectly, such words as *duty, dust, tune, tumult, lucid, allure, nuisance, suit, constitution, enthusiasm*, and many others; the reason being, as we have just shown, that it requires considerably less effort to substitute the oo, and call them *dooty, dune, toon*, &c., than it does to give the u its proper sound.

In words, however, where the u is preceded by r, most authorities agree in pronouncing it like oo, and indeed, it is almost impossible to do otherwise; thus we pronounce *rude* like *rood, rule* like *rool;* but some orthoepists, Dr. Webster among them, are of the opinion that we should endeavor to give a slight softening between the vowel and the consonant, so as to preserve if possible the distinctive sound of u, and not pronounce *rude*, in quite such a full and open manner as we would *rood*.

The real u sound is a compound of two different elements, the initial one being that of consonant y, or according to some authorities e, and the final that of oo; so that in a great many cases it is best to give this letter its compound sound, thus pronouncing duty as if it were spelt deuty; but the d should be sounded but very slightly, and we must be on our guard against stretching the word out too much, and pronouncing the eu in too broad a manner, for in our endeavors to speak correctly we should be careful not to overreach the mark, and should remember that in this, as in other things, excess is as bad as deficiency.

EMBEZZLING LETTERS.

A young post-office clerk was sentenced in New York a few days since to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary for embezzling letters. The Judge said:—"It must be understood by those who are in the Post Office Department and entrusted with the correspondence of the country, that no tampering with it is allowable. There is no such thing as a trivial violation of this statute. The term of imprisonment fixed by the law is not less than ten years nor more than twenty."

Miss Anna Dickinson.—We see the following explanation from Miss Dickinson relative to the story that she had erased the name of President Johnson from the record of the Massachusetts School Ship. She says that, while visiting the ship, some one brought her an album, requesting her autograph. She gave it, as she had done in a hundred similar cases, not knowing, and having no reason to suppose, but that the book was the private property of the gentleman offering it. Having signed her name, she looked over the record of names preceding it; and, coming to that of Andrew Johnson, she made a playful flourish of the dry pen over it, as if to erase it. But, on the supposed owner of the book then saying that, if she would really erase that name, she would add greatly to the value of the book, Miss Dickinson did erase it. This statement gives an entirely different coloring to the affair.

Matinees of the American Conservatory of Music.—We call attention to the course of concerts given every Saturday by the American Conservatory of Music at the New Horticultural Hall on Broad street. Among the performers are those talented and popular artists, Messrs. Jarvis and Carl Gaertner. The regular Winter Term of the Conservatory commences on Monday, Jan. 6th. Circulars may be obtained at the office corner of Tenth and Walnut streets.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Corry O'Lanus: His Views and Experiences. With Comic Illustrations by J. H. Howard. Published by G. W. Carleton, New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila. We have glanced through this volume sufficiently to find a goodlie proportion of fun, which does not depend upon bad spelling for its mirth-inspiring quality. Buy Corry's book, and have a good laugh.

The Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. Illustrated. Price $1.50 in cloth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. He who has not read this work should straightway buy it, and sit down to its feast of fancy and of feeling. "Little Nell" is probably the best known of all the children of fiction—and her touching story runs like a vein of gold through the volume.

Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price $1.50, bound in cloth.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. (Boz.) Illustrated Octavo Edition. With 32 Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price $2.00, bound in cloth.

Woman's Strategy; or, The First Time I Saw Her. A Novel. With Illustrations by T. Morten. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

Love in Letters. Illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. With biographical Sketches of the Writers. By Allen Grant. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila. This volume contains love letters from Abelard, Heloise, Anne Boleyn, Ninon de L'Enclos, Lady Russell, Swift, Stella, Vanessa, Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott.

A Treatise on the Abuses of the Sexual Functions. By E. P. Miller, M. D. No. 15 Laight street, New York. In this work Dr. Miller of the "Journal of Health," has touched with as much delicacy as is compatible with plain and earnest speaking, a subject of the greatest importance. The Doctor is of the opinion that "faithful mothers who with fear have tried the experiment of plain and virtuous speech with young children, have been rewarded by seeing their children grow up understanding their own functions, and not overthrown by the impulses of mysterious passions." Parents must of course be judges for themselves in such matters. We may add, however, that Dr. Miller's book is earnestly, honestly and piously written—and we suppose there is no doubt of the extent and seriousness of the evils to which he refers, and which he thinks need to be combatted with more frankness and openness than has hitherto been the custom.

☞ Apropos of the recent meteoric showers and the explosions of steam-boilers in every part of the country, Prof. Loomis suggests a very uncomfortable theory in regard to the safety of the earth itself. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces. A volcanic eruption under the sea, or near it, like that of Vesuvius now in progress, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam-boiler, by letting the water in upon the central fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careening through space as small planets or meteors, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries and new acquaintances in other parts of the planetary system now revolving with us. So that the final catastrophe may, after all, be only a boiler explosion on a magnificent scale of grandeur and destruction. Prof. Loomis should get up a company to put down a safety pipe and valve.

☞ One day Thackeray was driving along an Irish road, at due intervals along the sides of which posts were set, with figures of distances and the initials G. P. O. Overtaking a peasant in a jaunting car, he inquired the significance of those initials. The man gravely informed him that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious fact. In the first edition of the "Sketches" the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post road.

☞ At Ann Arbor, Michigan, on Wednesday last, while a little girl was playing around a bonfire, her clothes suddenly caught fire. Mrs. A. Snorer rushed to the child's assistance, when her clothes were also instantly in flames, and both were burned to death.

☞ Popular Errors.—That editors keep public reading rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That every man's own special axe is a matter of "public interest."

☞ Honduras is said to be in the market for a loan of a novel character. It has been so sickly there lately that the young people have died off, and they want to borrow three thousand infants.

☞ Rev. Dr. Bellows, writing from Berne, Switzerland, makes the following remarks about the legend of Wm. Tell: "A picture here of Wm. Tell pushing on in his boat after having killed Gessler, led me to inquire of a competent authority how well attested the world-renowned story was, and I regret to say that *the antiquarians of Switzerland are much inclined to give the story a mythic origin and interpretation.* The tale will, however, survive all historical skepticism, having been accepted as true to humanity, if not to fact. In short it ought to be true, if it is not."

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

SLEEP.

"Man's rich restorative, his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of that nice machine
Which seeks such frequent periods of repair."

LADIES—When we are weary in body or brain, whether worn by manual or mental labor, sleep is a *safe* and sure panacea. Not the sleep which drunkenness, narcotics, and cordials bring, but such as nature gives to those who invite and accept her gifts. The wise man has well described the various kinds of sleep. So of him who walks in wisdom's way he says: "When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, and thy sleep shall be sweet." Of the sluggard: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Again: "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

How often have we all, when excited by joy or sorrow, felt the truth and beauty of these words: "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Sleep is sometimes seasoned by the sweet sense that the beloved are near, and sometimes with the sad sense of separation. When looking on the placid face of a sleeping infant, where smiles play so sweetly, we may easily fancy angels are whispering in its ears. The sleeping sufferer has suppressed anguish written on the brow.

There is the dead sleep which dissipation induces, the sluggish state which a full stomach and a lazy head invites. Then, too, the sighing sleep, which comes tardily, but at last, to the grief-worn spirit. And there is excess of joy, which puts to flight all desire for sleep. This goddess often says to the happy: "Burn on through midnight like the stars—ye have no need of me;" but to the wretched: "I will fold you in my mantle, and bury you in sweet oblivion till the morning comes."

In certain states of despair there lies a power which "draws down irresistibly the coverlet of sleep." The disciples slept in "the garden" just before their Lord was crucified, and the beloved Physician says of them that they were "sleeping for sorrow," and when Jesus admonished them "to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation," he also added, as if in tender apology, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Deep grief often brings on that peculiar depression of vital force which invites sleep.

Hope is a tonic on which we can work with little food and little rest; but despair depresses all the life energies, and hence much sleep is a messenger of mercy.

Solicitude makes us wakeful; head and heart are thinking, yearning to do something; but great sorrow proves often a sedative, so that the afflicted sleep more than usual, and then both body and brain are safe. Those who are broken in health or disturbed in mind by sorrow, disappointment, or pecuniary loss, are those who were made wakeful thereby.

The statistics of lunatic asylums show that want of sleep is the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity. As you look over the history of the inmates, and note the peculiar trials which have shattered their poor heads or hearts, you see that nothing has happened to them save what is common in the varied experiences of this life. Many a one has passed under the same rod, or a heavier one, and come out unharmed, even steadier and stronger for the chastisement. But these sad subjects, from bad habits or bad inheritance, seem to possess some peculiarity of nervous irritability; so when sleep, like a loving mother, would soothe and save them, she cannot. No doubt many might have been saved by judicious care at the right time. Needful work is an excellent solace for earthly sorrow. Hence we note that those burdened by labor and care bear grief best; not that their sensibilities are less acute, not from lack of enduring love, but because weary muscles lead to sleep, Nature's balmy bath, which soothes aching hearts as well as bodily pain. As the head which aches with thinking can only be cured by sleep, so the heart which thrills with agony needs to be soothed in the same way.

I am always sorry for those disappointed in early love, who are so at ease that they need not earn either food or raiment. Nothing to do but nurse their grief, till they grow broken in health and bitter in spirit. I am sorry, too, for those bereaved in maturer years, whose chief responsibility is in reference to their crape. Both classes are likely to grow nervous, sleepless, often incurably sick and sad, and sometimes insane. The danger of mental wreck from sorrow or care comes more from wakefulness at night, induced thereby, than from the heaviness of the load carried by day. Those who work by night and sleep by day wear out more rapidly than others in proportion to the work they perform. For several years I have taken testimony as to this point from railroad conductors, telegraph operators, etc., and they all agree that, though they try to take all the sleep they need during the day, that it is less refreshing, and that after a few years they feel the need of a change of work, or rather of hours. As to why sleep is less sweet and sound when the sun shines, we can only say: God has set in order day and night, each for its purpose. We might suggest that light makes us sleep more lightly, that noise disturbs, and the sense that all the world is astir stirs the sleeper.

Some years since we went through the dark highways and byways of the Tamaqua coal mines, where the work is kept up the same during the twenty-four hours. For the sake of talk I said to one of the miners: "As it is just so dark here night and day, it makes no difference when you work." To which the son of Erin replied: "Indade, miss, an' a man's constitution knows the difference amazin' quick." While conversing with the superintendent of the mines on this point, he told me the Irishman was correct; that the night workmen appeared to be much more liable to sickness, and sooner failed in strength than those of the day, though they all had precisely the same work, and all came out of the mines alike, to eat and sleep.

I have no doubt that one reason why lawyers and men in public life so often resort to stimulus is to supply that sense of nervous exhaustion which comes from late hours in crowded court rooms. By alcohol they make the brain burn most brilliantly, just as it should be quieting down for a good night's rest.

Our finest lecturers are after a few months worn and haggard, though seemingly having little care and but little mental labor; for often the same lecture goes from the ocean at the east to the "father of waters" in the west, with improvised modifications. And much of this wear, often, is because that after a lecture they cannot sleep till midnight, or more often till into the small hours, and some not even till day dawns. Such think intensely, feel deeply, sleep lightly, and are wrecked early. Teachers who are earnest, progressive, and devoted to the interests of their pupils—their school cares are their "night thoughts," and long evenings and little sleep are the result. Many of our most useful mental and moral workers are laid aside from their labors far too early because they do not take sleep enough. Manual labor, combined with only enough mental to give it interest, is far less exhausting to the nervous system than head-work alone. Hence those engaged in the latter require the most sleep but seldom take it. The couch invites those weary in body, and sleep ensues; but those weary in brain are often excited, intoxicated by their intensity of thought, or think they do not need it. Many a weary head finds that it can not rest, though it tries ever so hard to do so. An abnormal activity of brain has been induced by over-exertion, so the thoughts run on, as if human machinery went by force of acquired velocity, instead of being quieted and controlled by the will.

Somebody says that "men of mind are mountains whose heads are sunned long ere the rest of earth." But these same mountains are often clouded early. Prior to this shadow we often see an activity of brain, an excitability of nervous system, combined too often with an irritability of temper, which tells the physician that trouble is near, while the prospective patient fancies his health to be as firm as ever; but all at once his system gives out—his head will not think, his stomach will not digest, he is restless and wretched. Many sad illustrations of this class have we seen in our infirmary during the last twenty years. Among these was a man, once of giant frame and iron nerve, who with proper care would have retained his vigor till fourscore years, but at half that age finds himself a poor, miserable dyspeptic, shattered in mind and body. Year after year he had worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four. He went to his mill at 3 o'clock in the morning and stayed till 10 o'clock at night, and then sat up and read for two or three hours, so that he had but four hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and often but *one*. Thus he went on year after year, maintaining that "nothing hurt him," and a perfect marvel to all around him. But at length his memory began to fail; his mind became anxious and fearful; his extremities numb, and he too timid to stay in a room alone by night or day. We found body and brain rickety beyond repair, and so passed him on to the insane asylum. Many years since we had an early-rising mania. Philosophers wrote and poets sung of its virtues. Had they given us, also, sermons and sonnets on the benefits of early retiring, we should then have had both sides of the question. But the result was that many concluded that time spent in sleep was wasted, provided they could so goad their energies as to keep awake. While midnight oil was consumed, the lamp of life was being exhausted when it should have been being replenished. We have all our fixed quantum of life force, of vital fluid, which we may use more or less rapidly at our will. There are various ways in which we may waste this fountain, and want of sleep is one. To retire at 9 o'clock—once the old-fashioned hour for grown folks—is now too early for children, even. Society calls us away from home just when we most need its quiet. We dress for parties just when we should "wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down to pleasant dreams." If our friends are worthy of our attention, let us give them our best thoughts, our sane moments—not the products of a brain exhausted by the labors of the day and then exhilarated by the dissipation of the night. The influences of these nightly gatherings are more deleterious to the young than to those matured in body.

"Late sitting up has turned her roses white;
Why went she not to bed?—because 'twas night."

The bloom of many a young girl has withered in the gayety of her first winter in society; and though from summer to summer it may be for the time "restored" by a trip to the mountains, or the sea-side, or a Water Cure, it soon settles into a sickly yellow quite past "freshening up." Such may well say, as did one looking in the glass, "How *shallow* I look!" when she meant to say sallow.

Those overtaxed in early life are slow of cure, and seldom have much power of endurance. Such need more sleep, more rest, in all after years. An increased tendency to sleep is a hopeful sign in nervous invalids. Dim eyes, dull ears, and super-sensitive nerves are often improved, cured even, by this alone, where there is no organic disease.

"But how shall we wakeful ones find the way to sleep?" asks one—yes, many, I fear. First, let us remember the lesson of our youth, which said that "the day was for labor, and the night for sleep and repose." When the open fire, a pine knot, or a tallow candle were the only facilities for a nightly illumination, the temptation to late sitting up was much less than now, when the brilliancy of gas or kerosene invites us to sit up at night that we may enjoy its exhilarating splendor. I have been interested to notice how music, gay colors, beautiful pictures, and bright lights keep us wide awake. Place the same persons in a room of dim light, and with but little about it to attract the eye, and they fall into easy, quiet chit-chat, and soon begin to yawn, and by mutual consent retire early, saying: "Somehow I feel sleepy to-night."

What can we say that is new on the necessity of ventilating sleeping apartments? Not anything. But many are still afraid of night air, damp air, and c
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPEACHMENT.—The report on impeachment was presented by the Judiciary Committee to the U. S. House of Representatives on the 25th. The majority report in favor of impeaching the President, is signed by Messrs. Boutwell, Thomas, Williams, Lawrence, and Churchill. The minority (Republican) report against impeachment is signed by Messrs. Wilson and Woodbridge. Messrs. Marshall and Elbridge, (Dem.,) present a second dissenting report.

NORTH CAROLINA.—In the Convention there will be a large Radical majority, including 15 colored men.

TENNESSEE.—The Tennessee House of Representatives have passed resolutions instructing the Tennessee Congressmen to vote for impeachment.

JEFF. DAVIS.—The Richmond Grand Jury has prepared a new indictment against Jefferson Davis, which is said to be six times as long as the old one, presenting the same facts in greater detail.

LOUISIANA.—In the Convention on the 27th, Mr. Wickliffe, white, of Orleans, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we utterly repudiate all desires for class legislation, all desire to Africanize the state; that we do not, as a people or party, desire, or meditate, or countenance bloodshed or revenge; that all we claim is equality before the law for all men, without distinction of race or color, or previous condition: that we deprecate the sentiments expressed in a leading article in the Republican, in its issue of the 23rd instant, and denounce said article as uncalled for, incendiary, and dangerous to the best interests of the party; and declare that said article does not represent the sentiments, wishes, or purposes of the Radical Republican party of Louisiana, or the colored race.

The resolutions were discussed amid considerable excitement, and finally laid on the table by a vote of 46 to 31.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama Reconstruction Convention has granted eight divorces from the bonds of matrimony. We suppose this comes under the general head of "Reconstruction."

CONGRESS.—Mr. Morrill, of Vt., has introduced an important financial bill into the Senate. It provides for the redemption in coin of the legal tender notes, and of National bank currency of the denomination of $5 and under in coin or legal tenders, on and after the 4th of July, 1869. The bill also makes certain regulations as to the sale of Treasury gold and the reserves of the National Banks.

The nomination of Horace Greeley as Minister to Austria, A. C. Hunt as Governor of Colorado, and Col. Capron as Commissioner of Agriculture, have been confirmed.

Foreign Intelligence.

THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.—Prussia and the Pope have both acceded to the proposed European conference on the Roman question. The conference will meet at Munich on December 11. It has also been acceded to by Italy and by Wurtemburg.

ITALY.—Dispatches from Rome announce that the Holy Father, in accordance with the advice of France, has ordered the release of all the Garibaldians who were taken prisoners during the late campaign.

Transports have been ordered to sail from Toulon for Civita Vecchia, where they will take on board the division of the French expedition in Italy, and will return to France.

It is reported that Garibaldi is lying seriously ill in prison, at Varignano, and his sons have both hurried to his bedside with medical aid.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Diet, by a vote of 181 to 160, has adopted a resolution declaring that the Constitution of Prussia guarantees the liberty of speech. We suppose this means in the Diet—for a Deputy has recently been arraigned before the Courts for a speech made in the Diet.

FRANCE.—It is said France and Austria have concluded a special treaty in regard to their future policy on the Eastern question, and pledge themselves to maintain the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

AUSTRIA.—Baron Von Beust, of Austria, has issued a note, in which he declares that the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the peace of Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A funeral procession of two thousand men, in sympathy with the men executed at Manchester, took place at London on the 24th inst. A black banner in the procession, bore upon it the inscription—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn."

Bitter denunciations of the Manchester executions were made by the speakers at Hyde Park. Good order prevailed, and no disturbance occurred.

Head Centre Francis has been captured in Dublin, with papers on his person.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Irish newspaper claims to have heard of a plan to stop the decay of diseased potatoes. He writes of it as follows: "I have just heard of a plan for preserving partially diseased potatoes from further decay, for pig feeding. As this is a year in which the disease is prevalent, very likely such a plan will be universally adopted. When the diseased potatoes are sorted, they should be taken and boiled, after which they are to be allowed to dry by their own heat, and then put into barrels, and pressed down in a pulp, covered with moistened yellow clay. Then cover the barrel, and allow it to stand by until required for use. A friend of mine by so doing kept them for nine months, in fact until all he had were used out, they being in as a good a state at the end of that period as when boiled."

☞ Brigham Young orders the young men of Utah to marry "right off" all the unmarried girls, and not allow themselves to be guided by love, but marry as they come. Love he pronounces as a humbug, and winds up with saying that if after a certain time any girls "are left over," he will marry them.

☞ "Captain, me jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement weather, "have ye a almenick on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, be jabers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

☞ In Pittsburg recently, just after an old gentleman of seventy-six years had been married to a young woman of twenty-three he was observed counting his fingers. The alderman asked him if he was counting how much he intended paying for the job. The old fellow said no, but was counting how many times he had been married, and that this was only the sixth. He soon left with his bride, promising to return during the week and settle his bill.

☞ A gallon of strong lye put into a barrel of hard water it is said will make it as soft as rain water.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption. nov20-3t

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In all crowded cities, malaria and fogs are breathed over and over again, till the strongest lungs are incapable of producing pure blood, hence the sluggishness of mind and body, the weariness and irritability of many persons during this season of the year. These medicines neutralize these impurities and give vigor to the head, heart and stomach.

DEBILITY brought on by the *nerve fluid* having lost its healthy *tone*, frequently terminates in NEURALGIA NERVE-ACHE and other painful nervous diseases. DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL restores the *nerve fluid* to its vigorous *tone*, and completely and *permanently* eradicates any of these diseases from the system. Apothecaries have this medicine.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. John C. Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM WATT, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLIE L. MYERS, of Pottstown, Pa.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. BARNES to Miss EMMA HOPE, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. DAVID R. GARRISON to Miss LYDIA DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN G. RUFF, of Baltimore, to Miss MARY E. LAMBERT, of this city.

On the 21st of May, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS W. JONES to Miss JENNIE PAYNTER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. GEORGE W. MCCUTCHEN to Miss MARTHA KELLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Nov., MARY A. CROFTER, in her 31st year.

On the 26th of Nov., ANNIE, wife of Wm. Buchanan, in her 33d year.

On the 25th of Nov., Mrs. MARY E. EARLEY, in her 54th year.

On the 26th of Nov., ELISABETH FISHER, in her 80th year.

On the 24th of Nov., Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of Chas. Hoffman, aged 56 years.

On the 22d of Nov., JEHU EVANS, Sr., in his 77th year.

On the 22d of Nov., ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, aged 67 years.

On the 23d of Nov., WILLIAM FLOYD, in his 63d year.

On the 23d of Nov., Mrs. CATHARINE HAGER, in her 63th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very quiet. About 4,500 bbls sold in lots to the home trade at $7,50@8,75 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $10@11 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $8,50@9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. Sales of 20,000 bus of red at $2,50 for prime; $2,40@2,45 for fair to good, and $2,25@2,30 ₱ bus for common, as to quality; white ranges from $2,60 @2,80 ₱ bus. Rye is dull and rather lower; 4000 bus sold at $1,70@1,75 for prime Penna, and $1,60@1,65 for southern do. Corn—35,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,40@1,45; 40,000 bus of western mixed at $1,25@1,27; 20,000 bus of new yellow at $1,05@1,30 ₱ bus, as to condition, and 25,000 bus of new western mixed at $1,30@1,33.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all descriptions continue very light. Pork commands $22 for Mess; $20 for prime do; and $19 for prime. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 16@18c; Sides are taken in lots at 15½@16c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 14@15½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9½@10½c. Lard—Sales in tcs and bbls at 12@13½c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@16c; new at 14@28c; and roll at 25@40c. Cheese is quiet; Sales at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 35@36c per doz.

COTTON—The market has been very dull. About 600 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 16½@17c for Uplands, and 17½@18c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $25 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales Yellow at 40@40½c ₱ lb.

COAL—*There* is rather more doing. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₱ ton for White Ash, and $4,40 @4,75 for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 65@80c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 7½@8c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 9½@10c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15 to 22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $6 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at from 50 to 70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $43; No 2 at $38 and $33@35 for forge. Scotch is quoted at $41@43 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—800 bus Cloverseed sold in lots from $7@8, the latter for prime. Timothy; 400 bus sold at $2,50@2,60. Flaxseed sells at $2,55 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 11½@11¾c, and country at 10½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues very dull; sales at 55 to 58c for double extra; 49@50c for extra; 42@45c for fine; 40@43c for medium; 35@37c for coarse; 40 @42c for tub washed; 32@34c for extra Western pulled, and 30@31c ₱ lb for No 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 8@8½ cts ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 7½@8 cts ₱ lb. 6000 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 9,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

A CANINE CHARACTER.

Athos (notorious as "The Red Dog" throughout the whole *arrondissement* of Melun) never knew his parents. His mother abandoned him to the care of a goat, who first sucked him, and then discarded him by means of vigorous thrusts with her horns. His father, an incorrigible poacher, appears to have suffered the penalty of the law before he could lick his infant son. At the present writing, Athos is two years old, having been born in Paris on the 15th day of June, 1865. Height, twenty inches; hair, carroty red; nose, sharp; chin, round; countenance, angular. Personal peculiarity, a habit of breaking and smashing everything.

In due time, Athos was put out to board and lodge with a gamekeeper, who taught him to find, to point, and to fetch, for twenty francs per month, or two hundred and forty francs per annum. The pupil soon gave signs of promise. In a fortnight he could find a hen in the poultry-yard, catch it at the hen-coop, and fetch it to the kennel, where he discussed it in company with a couple of bandy-legged terriers.

"Good!" said the keeper when he beheld the feathers with which the Red Dog had softened the straw of his bed. "I think I shall be able to make something of this fellow."

He at once made out Athos's bill for the month:—

	Francs.
Board and instruction during March	20
Hen killed	8
Collar torn	1
Leash broken	1
Medical attendance for indigestion after killing the hen	5
Total	30

The months of April, May, June, July, and August followed, with like results; that is, the Red Dog, making daily progress, added pigeons to hares, ducks to pigeons, and rabbits to ducks. The gamekeeper never had a boarder so little particular in his choice of food.

On the 4th of September, the day before the opening of the shooting season, Athos's master, Monsieur H———, a rising young doctor with a limited practice, came to fetch him. The teacher brought him out in triumph.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have got there a most wonderful dog. I shall be curious to hear of his performances."

"Does he point well?"

"Nothing to boast of. He dashes off in fine style; but he listens to nothing, will have his own way, flushes the game a hundred yards off, runs after it a mile, and then comes down upon the other dogs like a thunderbolt. A good creature, nevertheless; keen nose, sweet temper; all you want."

"How does he find?"

"Very tolerably. But he is sometimes before you, sometimes behind you, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left; never within gunshot, and often not within earshot. But a good creature, sharp-eyed, sure-footed, keen-nosed, sweet-tempered; all you want."

"But I hope at least, that he can fetch?"

"Whatever you like; hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges; only he brings the hares and rabbits in quarters and the partridges in halves. But an excellent creature, capital teeth, fine sent, sweet temper; you want nothing more."

"I can shoot with him, then?"

"Certainly. Here is his little bill."

	Francs.
Six months' board and paternal care, at 20 francs per month, as agreed	120
16 hens killed, at 3 fr.	48
4 ducks do, 3 fr.	12
6 pigeons ditto, at 1 fr.	6
18 rabbits ditto, at 3 fr.	54
2 fat geese ditto, at 4½ fr.	9
3 neighbors' cats ditto, at 5 fr.	15
Crockery broken	45
Sheets, napkins and towels torn and devoured	120
Children bitten, gendarmes insulted, rural policemen scared	100
Total	529

"Five hundred and twenty-nine francs!" exclaimed Monsieur H———, frightened out of his wits. "Why, the sum is perfectly exorbitant."

"Not a sou too much. Only keep your dog a fortnight, and you will see whether I have overcharged a singe item."

"Athos must be a confounded thief, then—a thorough brigand!"

"Not at all. He's only young; fond of play. He kills right and left; he plunders; he devours. But he's almost a puppy; he'll grow steadier with age. A good creature, sweet-tempered; the very thing for you."

Monsieur H——— paid the money with a half-suppressed sigh, and started for the farm over which he was to shoot next day in company with a few select friends and Athos the Terrible.

The night passed quietly enough. The only serious discussion the Red Dog had was with the house-dog, the shepherd's dog, the lap-dog, and the eight pointers, his future companions. The whole was summed up in a few torn ears and an administration of the whip by a wagoner, whose hand was as heavy as his slumbers were light. Next morning, at seven, the sportsmen, after swallowing a cup of *cafe-au-lait*, which was to support them till eleven, and Athos with a capon on his conscience, which enabled him to wait for the first wounded hare, ranged themselves in battle array.

The first shot was fired at a covey of partridges, immediately after entering a field of beetroot. A bird fell at Athos's nose; he looked at it disdainfully, and set off in chase of the rest of the covey. Unluckily, it kept upon the wing until it reached the Marquis le Bonton's property. Athos, caring little for such trifles, followed it with all the strength of his legs and his lungs.

"Hang the dog! Here, Athos!" and other cries, burst forth from the exasperated gunners.

The noise attracted the marquis's gamekeeper, who whistled the dog to come to him. But Athos, taught by experience that a keeper's whistle is often the precursor of his whip, stared at the whistler and continued the chase, as if Department of Seine-et-Marne had contained neither a keeper nor a marquis. Nevertheless, the stoutest sinews will tire. After having his run, Athos thought fit to rejoin the sportsmen. As he sauntered up in one direction, the marquis's keeper stalked forward in the other.

"Monsieur," he said, politely, uncovering first his badge of office and then his head, "I am very sorry for what has happened, for you have certainly there a most wonderful dog. But we have a painful duty to perform. You will receive to-morrow a summons for trespass. Good morning, Monsieur. I wish you luck."

"A nice beginning!" muttered poor H———.

"If you wish it to go on better," said one of his friends, "I advise you to fasten Athos to your game-bag behind you. Here's a capital strap. If it breaks, I will pay for all the mischief he does."

The advice was found good. A minute afterwards, Athos and his master were a semi-attached couple, entertaining about the same mutual affection as a constable and his prisoner. They set off again to continue their sport.

"Parbleu!" said H———; "it was the best thing I could do. Gently, Athos, there's a good dog. I've got you, however. Go at them, now, all you like."

Telling Athos to "go at them," was like telling a thief to steal. He did go at them so well that he upset his master, and got loose by tearing the game-bag to which he was fastened. He then celebrated his liberty by a zig-zag steeplechase, in the course of which he did not leave even a lark upon the ground.

"I have had enough of it for to-day," said H———. "You will find me at the farm. Perhaps you will keep an eye on Athos."

Before entering the house, he thought it prudent to discharge the left barrel of his gun, which he had not fired. He took aim at an apple, and pulled the trigger. The apple did not fall, but the barrel burst. A handful of earth had plugged the mouth of the barrel when the Red Dog had thrown him down on the ground.

At noon the sportsmen returned to luncheon. The Red Dog led the way, seizing, as he entered, a fine roast fowl, breaking the dish, spilling the gravy over the farmer's wife's new dress, and upsetting a maidservant laden with a basket of eggs.

"A pretty piece of business!" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "If people have no better dogs than that, the best thing they can do is to leave them at home. The next time the Red Dog sets foot in here the house will be too hot to hold him."

"The dog will be my ruin," H——— said to himself, turning as red as a new-boiled lobster. "If this goes on, I shall have to leave the country. I must really take some decisive step."

With infinite trouble he caught the Red Dog; then he bound him hand and foot; then he chained him to an iron staple inside the box of his dog-cart, which he double locked, and fastened outside with an additional bolt. In this way he reached home without much further unpleasantness. But while his friends were counting their game, he made a little estimate, for his own edification, of what Athos had cost him up to that moment:—

	Francs.
Keeper's bill for board and training	529
Capon for Athos's breakfast	4
Summons for trespass, &c., &c.	40
Mending torn game-bag	3
Gun burst	300
Roast fowl, for dinner	4
Dish broken	3
Replacing merino dress spoiled by the spilt gravy	60
Basketful of eggs broken	5
	948

A fortnight passed without H———'s friends hearing any news of him or his dog. One of them at last received the following note:—

"My Dear Charles—

"You know how I hate that fellow Lejune, and the cause of my hatred. You are aware that he beguiled away my first patient, and persuaded the woman I loved to marry him. I swore to be revenged, and I have kept my word. I have presented him with Athos; he accepts the Red Dog.

"Ever yours, in delightful haste,

"Henri H———."

Of the ingenious atrocity of this mode of vengeance it is needless for us to say a word.

Webster's Courtship.

The following incident is related of the late Daniel Webster's courtship:—He was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth, N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher, he had, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, "Grace, we have been tying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot—one which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

The latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price $19.

☞ Joseph Coon, of Elkhart county, Ind., was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary six years for an assault with intent to kill. He moved for a new trial, which was granted, and now the jury "send him up" for ten years.

☞ A flippant Frenchman boasted that the emperor spoke to him the other day at the garden of the Tuileries. Some one asked him sarcastically what he said. "He bid me stand out of the way," was the reply.

A SEA-SHO

I

My love and I oft loite
With the cool waves
side,
Laden with seawee
depths,
Which formed wierd
ceding tide.

And often, too, on rag
We sat for hours, an
Forgetful quite of tim
So happy in our hap

Young Love was god,
heart,
Who held my own in
And gently chained
chains,
And bound me fa
bands.

I

But love grew wan
died—
As touched with chi
flower;
The golden bands gr
weak,
The magic chains
power.

The bands were seve
and I
Went forth into the
Alas! how drear and
Like some dark, tra

I

Again I face the w
shore,
Again I stand and g
There are the same w
sank—
But oh, how change

I stand alone, where
With one I fondly t
But Love was weak
live;
I cursed him, but s
died!

THE MYSTERI

Or, Napoleon's

The celebrated Fou
was retained for a tim
the service of the Bou
ration to the throne
to the town of Aix,
lived in affluent ease
and busy career. Ou
visitors around this re
was habitually free
reminiscences of the
had been his lot to
sion the company as
heard from his lips th

By degrees, as N
power and authority
about him in the days
to wear a court-like
old monarchical hal
one by one. Among
kind, the custom of
to the hour of audi
Bonaparte himself w
pearance at the chape
occasions. Nothing
than the mode of per
services. The actres
the choirists, and g
talkative people were
the gallery of the cha
of which the first cons
be seen, with their su
whole formed merely
the consular court to

At one particular ti
Bonaparte in his att
rather distressing to
and jealous Josephin
the eyes of her husb
rected to a window
there regularly appea
of a young girl of un
chestnut tresses, th
graceful figure of t
more uneasiness to th
stranger's eyes were
Bonaparte than his w

"Who is that young
one day, at the close
can she seek from th
served her drop a bill
He picked it up; I sa

No one could tell Jo
of her notice precis
were some who decl
grant lady lately re
probably desirous of
first consul in favor o

With such guesses
was obliged to rest sa

After the audience
passed, Bonaparte e
drive in the park, and
accompanied by his w
Generals Duroc and
tense Beauharnois, w

The King of Prus
Napoleon with a supe
in number, and these
open chariot for the
it into his head to
mounted into the co
chariot set off, but
into the park it wen
at the gate, and the
to the ground. He
again fell prostrate,
sible condition. Mean
forward with the c
stopped when Duroc,
threw himself out
Josephine was taken
The rest of the par
the first consul, and
apartments. On rec
the first thing he di
into his pocket and p
dropped at his feet i
over his shoulder,
words: "Do not driv
to-day."

"This can have no
cident," said Bonap
foresee that I was

RE LOVE.

red on the beach,
close rippling to our

is from mysterious

wreaths for the re-

ged spray-wet rocks,
d gazed far out to sea,
e, fast speeding by,
py thoughts were we.

enthroned within her

his sweet open hands,
me with his magic

st with many golden

I.

and wasted, and he

ll frost dies the tender

ew tarnished, dull and

lost all their potent

red! Love was dead,

world and life again;
desolate they seemed—
ckless, arid plain.

II.

ild, wide, rock-bound

aze far out to sea;
hite sails that rose and

ed is everything to me.

glad I stood erewhile,
rusted by my side;
and frail, and did not

ne blessed him that he

IOUS WOMAN:

Three Warnings.

che, Duke of Otranto,
ne, it is well known, in
rbons after their resto-
f France. He retired
n Provence, and there
on the gains of his long
riosity attracted many
markable man, and he
in communicating his
great events which it
witness. On one occa-
sembled in his saloon
e following story:—

apoleon assumed the
of a king, every thing
of the consulate began
appearance. All the
pitudes were revived
the revivals of this
ttending mass previous
ence was restored, and
as punctual in his ap-
el of St. Cloud on such
ould be more mundane
forming these religious
ses of the opera were
reat crowds of busy,
in the habit of visiting
pel, from the windows
sul and Josephine could
ites and friends. The
a daily exhibition of
the people.

me, the punctuality of
tendance en masse was
his wife. The quick
e had discovered that
and were too much di-
in the gallery, where
red the form and face
common beauty. The
e brilliant eyes, and
his personage, caused
he consul's wife, as the
bent no less often upon
ere upon her.

g girl?" said Josephine,
of the service; "what
he first consul? I ob-
ct just down at his feet.
w him."

sephine who the object
ely was, though there
ared her to be an emi-
turned, and who was
the intervention of the
f her family.

as this the consul's wife
tisfied for the time.

of the same day had
xpressed a wish for a
d accordingly went out,
ife, his brother Joseph,
Cambaceres, and Hor-
ife of Louis Bonaparte.

dia had just presented
erb set of horses, four
were harnessed to an
party. The consul took
drive in person, and
achman's place. The
ust as it was turning
t crash against a stone
first consul was thrown
attempted to rise, but
in a stunned or insen-
while the horses sprang
hariot, and were only
at the risk of his life,
and seized the reins.
out in a swooning state.
ty quickly returned to
carried him back to his
vering his senses fully,
was to put his hand
all out the slip of paper
the chapel. Leaning
Josephine read these
e out in your carriage

allusion to our late ac-
arte. "No one could
to play the part of a

coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive into a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the first consul aside.

"Citizen consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!"

"How?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a massive bomb, and with a slow match attached to it, kindled! Things had been so arranged that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees in the Park of St. Cloud. There must be some treachery close at hand. Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word, then," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres, tell none of them; and let not the government journals say one word about my fall."

The first consul was then silent for some time. At length he said, "Duroc, you come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery, on the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?"

"I have, citizen consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte.

The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient first consul, with his confidant, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the services that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. She was seen at mass no more.

"A petition, madam?" he said, inquiringly, and then continued, "fear nothing; I shall present it, and see justice done!"

"Citizen consul!" cried the woman, imploringly, joining her hands.

What he would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and off they sprung with the speed of lightning. Napoleon, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions—

"I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along; it was just issuing from the street St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingled with and followed by a crash of broken windows. The infernal machine had exploded!

Uninjured, the carriage of the consul and its inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and an unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises on such occasions.

All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte alone was perfectly calm. He stood, with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening.

Suddenly he remembered the paper put in his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:

"In the name of Heaven, citizen consul, do not go to the opera to-night. If you do go, pass not through the street St. Nicholas."

The warning came, in some respects, too late.

On reading these words, the first consul happened to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box in the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of St. Cloud, and with joined hands, seeming to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the consul recognised as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door.

"Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly, to Lannes, "go to the box directly opposite to us on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a dark mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries. I must see her." And, without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone—no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed by this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent out Lannes to intercept her. It was all in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois, but all the zeal of those functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken over half the civilised earth. The Ile of Elba became, for the day, the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot on the bark that was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by him to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lips which had recently given a farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At that instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of womanhood, not a girl, but yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at any time have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest to her appearance, even at that moment.

"Sire!" said she, presenting him a paper, "read! read!"

The emperor took the epistle presented to him, but kept his eye on the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze of the park of St. Cloud—to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel as he heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came hapless before him, and among them the face that he was wont to see at the fourth window of the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality—altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of short duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper to his eyes. After perusing its contents, he took the paper between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire," said the woman; "follow the advice! Be warned! It is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and he took from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaign, held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling, and kissed the hand which presented it. Turning his head, the emperor then stepped into the boat which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of the three warnings two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated Napoleon's fate if once in the power of his adversaries—was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh!" replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female who was related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholas, died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite Oriental ruby of Napoleon.

WILL YOU BE TRUE?

The sinful tongue of man may hurl
  Dark words of hate and ill;
Deceitful lips with scorn may curl,
  And slander me at will;
But through it all I'll bravely ride,
  With heart both light and free,
And leap the gulf both deep and wide,
  If you'll be true to me.

Their sinful hearts may oft conspire
  To do me woeful wrong!
And speak aloud their vengeful ire
  In curses loud and long;
But I will calmly bear it all,
  And stem the troubled sea,
If you will answer now my call,
  And e'er be true to me.

Their cruel words may sear my heart,
  And burn more deeply still,
But I will nobly bear my part
  Without one pang or thrill;
And though their words with force may fall,
  And dark their plans may be,
With lighter heart I'll bear it all,
  If you'll be true to me.

Duelling in the Eighteenth Century.

There were many circumstances which tended to make duels more frequent in the last century than they are at present. The inefficiency of the watch, the unlighted state of the streets, the proximity of fields and secluded places to the city and west-end, the fashion of wearing swords and hangers, the immoderate taste for gambling, the practice of drinking deeply, even in good society, the violence and acrimony of political feeling, the frequency of intrigues and amours in fashionable life—all, doubtless, contributed to swell the list of murders which were perpetrated under the name of duels.

Did the stranger who sat opposite to you in the coffee-house differ from you in opinion; did the blackleg with whom you had just lost a few thousands at faro, after cozening you out of your estate, jeer you upon venturing no more; did your friend refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of your mistress over his, there was no other remedy than a duel, and a duel was accordingly "got up," and fought—frequently in the room, even, where the dispute arose—as in the following instance, which we copy from a newspaper of 1710:

"As Mr. C—— was yesterday passing the Adelphi coffee-house, he was met by Mr. L——, with whom he had a slight dispute the day before, in which some offensive words had been used. Mr. C—— dragged him into the coffee-room, and, locking the door, handed him a loaded pistol, and pointing one himself, desired him to fire. The pistols being discharged without effect, Mr. C—— drew his sword, and called on Mr. L—— to defend himself; but the report of the pistols and the clashing of the weapons attracting the attention of a club which was assembled in the adjoining room, the door was broken open, and the combatants were separated without further injury."

The peculiar notions of the age rendered a duel almost a necessary resentment of an affront, punishment of an injury, or settlement of a dispute. What says Dr. Johnson? "He, then, who fights a duel does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence, to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven from society. I could wish there were not that superfluity of sentiment, but while such notions prevail no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel." Here, then, we have the least chivalrous of philosophers giving a specious justification of this barbarous practice, and allowing the lawfulness of murder when it was necessary to preserve a man's station in society!

A duel at this time was "open to persons of limited means," as the advertisements would say. There was no outlay in the purchase of hair-triggered pistols; no expensive trip to Wimbledon Common or Wormwood Scrubbs. A sword was always ready at hand, and the green fields and retired lanes were close to Charing Cross; and an angry partisan, a ruined gamester, or a heated bacchanalian, was converted into a mutilated corpse in less time than is now occupied in choosing a place of rendezvous. A

half-pay officer, or a retired captain who "had a taste that way," although frequently a stranger to both the parties concerned, would always come forward to offer his services to either of them as second, and, while the drowsy watchman was slumbering on his post, a mortal wound was often given and received in this way in the very streets of London.

A duel was not of much use even to the penny-a-liner—it was too common an event. Each paltry squabble was decided by a duel; every frivolous dispute was followed by a combat; and the persons who had been discussing some political question in the coffee-room, staking their property at the gambling-table, or toasting their respective mistresses at the banquet, scarcely considered their discussion, or their game, or their evening's amusement concluded until they had "crossed swords" in the nearest meadow. Can we look through a single novel written in the eighteenth century, and illustrating its manners, without finding at least a brace of duels in it? It was the fashion for friends to run each other through the body, and the occurrence was, *perhaps*, reported in the papers next day (perhaps not noticed at all)—not as it would be now-a-days, headed "Horrible Tragedy!" and emblazoned in large type and garnished with notes of exclamation, but concisely stated as a matter of ordinary occurrence, to the effect that Mr. So-and-so and Mr. Such-a-one, having had an altercation respecting a celebrated toast, they had fought in Such-and-such fields, when Mr. Such-a-one was mortally wounded by a thrust from his adversary's sword. What, for instance, can read colder or tamer than the following paragraph from the "Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer" of the London Magazine of August, 1785?

"*Thursday, 7th.*—About six this morning a duel was fought near the Horse Guard House, at Kensington, between James Lee, Esq., of the county of Salop, and Jonathan Andrews, Esq., an ensign in Colonel Reed's regiment of foot at Gibraltar; when, after several passes, the former received a slight wound in his left breast, and the other was run through the body and died on the spot. Mr. Andrews gave the challenge, and they fought at first in the Privy Garden; but Mr. Lee's sword being broke, they were parted, and went home to their lodgings, which were in the same house. Mr. Andrews would not rest, but challenged him again, and so met his fate."

A more amusing report in the Westminster Journal of February the 19th, 1774, shows how general was the resort to weapons offensive among all classes to settle disputes; but in this case we have the pistol elected umpire instead of the sword:

"Wednesday a duel was fought behind Montague House between two journeymen lace-weavers. The combatants entered the field accompanied by their seconds, when, the usual ceremonies being gone through, one of the parties discharged his pistol, the ball from which took away part of the sleeve of his antagonist's coat; and then, like a man of courage, without waiting for the fire being returned, made the best of his way off the field. The quarrel began at a public house, about the mode of cooking a dish of sprats, one insisting on having them fried, and the other on having them broiled. With the assistance of some friends, the sum of three shillings was raised to procure the use of pistols to decide this important contest. To such a pitch is the most honorable profession of duelling arrived!"

Verily, we should think these worthy weavers had "other fish to fry" than to get into a broil suited only to their betters! Such disputes as these, got up in such a way, in such a place, and on such a subject, might naturally be considered deserving such a mode of adjustment, and society could have spared either of the two fools engaged in this rencontre. But such valuable lives as Sheridan's, Fox's, Pitt's, Wilkes's, Kemble's and Castlereagh's were more than once jeopardized in the same foolish manner. In fact, there was scarcely, we should say, a single man of the century who had made himself eminent in letters, arts, science or politics, who had not fought his one or more duels.

These weavers had selected the aristocratic duel grounds "behind Montague House," which, together with Hyde Park, were the general scenes of rencontres in high life. In the latter, the Duke of Hamilton and the infamous Lord Mohun fought and fell; and the seconds, Hamilton and Macartney, were wounded, in the memorable duel of November, 1712, (fought in the presence of many unmoved spectators,) of which Swift writes to Stella, "The duke was helped to the Cake-house, by the ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before they could reach the house."

But these "ceremonious duels," as a modern writer says, with a levity hardly consistent with the subject, "to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated," were scarcely of more frequent occurrence than the "off-hand duels—impromptu exertions of that species of lively humor."

"Horace Walpole, senior, quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlor in the 'Star and Garter Tavern' in Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bedroom candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself."

So says—and says truly—Charles Knight, in that delightful collection of anecdotes and historical facts relating to past and present "London."

Many a high-minded and honorable man fell in as paltry a quarrel as could be conceived. Much noble blood soaked into the fields of Islington and Pancras in a miserable cause; an idle word, a hasty censure, a thoughtless jest, must all be blotted out in blood! And, although the blood that was shed was sufficient to wash away the words that had provoked it, they still remained unrefuted. Courage of this sort, foolhardiness, recklessness, or mere bombast, could neither sustain a falsehood nor support a truth!

☞ Mark Twain describes the Syrian females as so sinfully ugly that they "cannot smile after twelve o'clock Saturday night without breaking the Sabbath."

"OUR BABY."

BY GERALDINE LEE.

You are home at last, dear husband;
  It was so very late,
That I thought I'd take the baby
  And meet you at the gate,
But the river breeze was chilling,
  And I did not dare to wait.

You should have seen the baby—
  All through the live long day
He sat in his willow cradle,
  With his toys and bird at play,
And his laugh rang out like a silver bell,
  So musical and gay.

He knows your step on the threshold,
  Almost as well as I,
And he waves his chubby fingers
  As if about to fly,
And he gazes from the window
  To see if you are nigh.

And when he sees you coming,
  You ought to see his eyes,
Like violets through dewdrops,
  Light up with sweet surprise:
Do you know, he sometimes seems to me
  Like an angel in disguise?

And when he groweth weary,
  And his drooping eyelids close,
I can almost hear the angels
  Lull him into sweet repose;
While a gleam of heaven's own sunlight
  On each radiant feature glows.

Oh, we tremble for our baby—
  What may his future be?
Wilt Thou, Our Father, guide him
  O'er life's uncertain sea,
And bring his storm-tossed bark at last
  Safe home to heaven and Thee?

MRS. POPHAM;

OR, THE STORY OF A LONDON FOG.

My first year of married life—it is now some twenty years ago—was also my first of residence in London, and on very limited means. Having agreed to prefer a small income together, to waiting for a larger one far apart, Edgar Linton and myself were also agreed that we would be satisfied with what that income would give us, and bide our time for the rest. He enjoyed society as much as any one, and was as hospitable at heart then as he is now (he is not listening, is he? deep in his new book—that is all right!) but he knew that society and hospitality were luxuries to be only sparingly indulged in, and we neither accepted invitations to dinner, nor for some time did we give any. With my own free will this time would have lasted longer; but I was not to have my own way in this matter, even during that first year of bridal supremacy.

"Thre are two things, my love, which you will have to make up your mind to put up with," had been Edgar's warning when we were discussing our plans before marriage; "one is London smoke, of which your country notions give you a very inadequate idea; and the other, of which you have no idea whatever, is the friendliness of my friend Mrs. Popham. If your capacity for happiness prevail over these two little obstacles, I have no fears about the rest."

I laughed as I assured him I had none on the subject; and for some months after we were settled in our small home in ——— Street, and I had learned how trying London "blacks" could be to senses accustomed to pure breezes and liberal cleanliness—how impossible it was to preserve muslin and chints from darkening shadows, or to handle a book from Edgar's well-filled shelves without the preliminary ceremonial of a serious dusting—I had more than once rallied him on his second grievance, and remarked that friendliness in London was by no means so overwhelming as I had been led to suppose. A note of congratulation and a pair of gilt candlesticks, which never stood steadily enough to be of any use, had, so far, been all I had seen of the dreaded Mrs. Popham. She lived at that time at Richmond, and was, in fact, too much engaged during the season to think of us, and as she always went to the sea in August, it was not till October that her visits began; but once begun, my little jokes on the subject were effectually stopped. She was very imposing in her personal appearance, both from her size and the the magnificent extent of her rustling silk dress; and when she sat down in our little drawing-room, looked so utterly disproportioned to it, that I felt as if I ought to apologize for not offering her more spacious accommodation. This, in itself, was not much of a grievance, and I soon ceased to think it so, after I had been assured several times, in the most emphatic manner, that my house was the most charming little nest in the world, and that Mrs. Popham had said to her Georgiana over and over again, that, for real comfort and happiness, give her just such a sized sitting-room as dear Mrs. Linton's. The first day she came she looked at everything in the room, and asked its history. This rather amused me, and helped off the shyness of a first visit. The second time she sat in judgment on my housekeeping, and cross-questioned me on the amount of my weekly bills, the consumption of tea and sugar in my kitchen, the efficiency of my servants, and a variety of other points on which I was not at all disposed to stand an examination, even though it wound up with praise of my excellent management, and envy at the peacefulness of my lot. But I remembered Edgar's words, and that her husband's father had been a kind friend of Edgar's father, and that as his house of business did the business of the Pophams, it was better that we should remain the affectionate friends we were. So I kept my feelings to myself, and was as courteous to Mrs. Popham as I felt was due to us both. She tried my patience very much that autumn, certainly. She would drive in to luncheon uninvited, bringing her daughter with her, whom I know to be exceedingly fastidious and very much spoiled, and who did not think it necessary, as her mother did, to appear charmed with everything upon the table. As we kept but two maid-servants, it was some times very inconvenient to provide such guests with the delicacies they expected at a short notice; and Mrs. Popham would let me know on arriving that she had no time to spare—that d dered hot luncheons a might she ask if it co diately, as they had a gr the days were shortening brought me a few grapes both of which I could and thankfully, rather t spoiling Edgar's dinner b but hasty cook out of te the day. Then, when daughter staying with h in her three little girls to me; their nurse (also a please,) bringing written they might eat and drink might stay to tea before them home. I am reall and can make myself ve tle girl or two for my o am at leisure and in spir and be amused by their these grandchildren of pets, who had learned th everybody who came ne tiring indeed I found the or three visits. Dissect had been at the pains to ceptionable diversion, we stupid and like lessons Soho Bazaar, whose mu sash would have been my early days, was despi had a Princess Royal, wh shut; and an offer of a nearly led to its being to struggle as to who shou tures first. A bright sug membering a delight of proved at last successful tle girls being each furn of dough, their sleeves t frocks properly protecte afternoon making cakes had ever been before trained lives. The wo they were wild to com and tormented everybod but from that day I gain of influence over them, dreamed-of pleasures, th insist on a proportionate havior.

"I know who spoils Mrs. Popham observed called. "Really, my de have so stolen those littl am growing *quite jealous* soon if I may not come self. Seriously, it is a learn how such articles you are raised above th ing them; and I dare s vast deal more that is and proper that you sho my daughters with all t always said to Edgar L to him of matrimony, 'W dear Edgar, choose a w ties, not for what may but will, in your posi service in the end.' I d sure he is grateful to m much interested in sel diciously; I assure you in any one to accept him so narrowly criticised. M self have always had h heart, and were so afrai young men will, some we could not feel as w But now, we often say, where so much comfo there is no attempt at t what I most admire—s pretension."

Well, this was all very g or might have been ha was intended I should; it made me angry to be pretension by Mrs. Pop care to know that she wa anxiety by Edgar's choic I turned it off with the and an allusion to the " and Mulready's picture Gown;" both of which flat, on account of Mrs. ing read the one or un However, she was good to see my meaning, wish mory, and that her coun engagements would allo and took leave, repeati surance of her being favor with her sweet gr

When those treasures full of quite a new topic the glories of little pigs and no particular tail, They had a cousin com Cousin Edith Acton—qu nice cousin, who was drawing-room or driving like mamma and Aunt stantly in the nursery arrange all their frocks ing with them at such you had no idea. A litt ted further information. Miss Hounslow, who sor by her resemblance to plained that Cousin Edit as a visitor, but to be us pendent on the goodne grandmamma for a ho thrown upon strangers had said it was odious t in the house, always sup and filling up the place —but grandmamma ha Edith should never be never was. Should I next time, and might to-morrow? I declined thanks, and heard no comer till Mrs. Popham Before I had had time to observe a kind, gentle f with clear honest eyes, sweetness, Mrs. Popha any notice, ordered her to look at the pattern o an argument about it daughters, and we could colors, so please, dear thoroughly so at to sett and by-the-way, I dar into the spare room at the Lake of Thun, ta Mrs. Linton's—quite a longed to steal it, and me, ever since I saw it

Edith Acton hesitate half turned to me for

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Georgy, but con-
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and things, and play-
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le questioning elici-
Sophy, the eldest
metimes startled me
Mrs. Popham, ex-
h was not come only
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s of grandpapa and
me, instead of being
; and Aunt Georgy
o have poor relations
posed to be martyrs,
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ot like her to come
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ken by a cousin of
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carry it away with
there."
d, and blushed as she
permission, her look

and manner pleading her apology so well that I did my best to remove her annoyance by cordially making her welcome. I knew Mrs. Popham only wanted her out of the room, and so did she. As soon as she left us her kinswoman began—

"There, my dear Mrs. Linton, that is my last imprudence. Where my heart is concerned, my head is often at fault; and it *is* a rash measure to undertake such a responsibility—but what can I do? She has no home, except with relations as poor as herself—family misfortunes, you know—even ours has not escaped the vicissitudes of life from which the wealthiest are not secure. I often think how much happier those are who have but little to lose or to risk, and are thus peaceful, at least, even if comparatively—only comparatively—obscure. Well, this poor girl—it was most fortunate for her I happened to go down into her neighborhood, for the grandmother and aunt she was living with were as nearly as possible allowing her to form an engagement, without a penny in the world, with a young man who had next to nothing—going into business, they said, or something of that sort. Actually they were on the point of inviting him to the house when I interfered to prevent it, and told them at once it must not be. Where duty is concerned I can be very firm; and it ended in their managing to break it off—I do not exactly know how, for I never discussed the subject with Edith myself; and to secure her from further risk, I invited her to pay us a visit while my daughter, Mrs. Hounslow, was with me. She did not wish to come at first, and talked, like all silly, romantic girls, of being independent—actually wanted to be a governess, I believe; but it was not likely I should allow that, and it ended, of course, in my wishes being complied with. The dear little pets give her plenty of occupation, and as I understand the young man was mortally affronted by his treatment, it is not to be supposed she will ever hear of him again. I only hope we shall find her as grateful as she ought to be. She is a little shy, poor girl, and feels, of course, the difference between herself and us; but she is very happy with the children, and Mrs. Hounslow talks of borrowing her of me when they go down to the sea at Christmas."

"As governess?" suggested I.

"Oh, dear, no; they will not give her any salary."

"Ah," I said, "that makes all the difference, certainly."

I looked at Miss Acton with more interest when she came back, and thought I could detect on her dark eyelashes the traces of recent tears. She answered all Mrs. Popham's questions about the chints with tolerable cheerfulness; but when I asked her opinion of the sketch, colored and stammered as if she hardly knew how to reply. Rather piqued at this, I mentioned one or two good judges who had pronounced it very clever; but, though she did not contradict me, I could not extract a word in its praise. Yet she had examined it closely, I found on examination, for it was not hanging as straight as usual, and had recently been taken down. I pitied her want of taste, and said no more. Mrs. Popham, having said all she came to say, took leave, promising me a speedy visit from the dear children, and observing, with a smile, as she went downstairs, that she thought it very hard the little ones should be treated so often, and *she* never invited to dinner once!

Invited to dinner! It was a joke, of course, but I wished people would not joke on such alarming subjects. It gave me a sense of insecurity and peril until I had mentioned it to Edgar, who laughed at the notion as one of Mrs. Popham's pleasing fictions, and relieved me for the moment. But a day or two afterwards, early in December, he came home with the startling announcement that "Popham" had invited himself to come and eat his mutton (meaning ours) with us one day next week; he had a great many things to talk over with Edgar, and to drop in and dine in a friendly way was just what he would like. A joint, and a bit of fish, and a glass of sherry were a dinner for a prince, and what could a man wish for more?

He might wish to be welcome while he was about it, and that he certainly was not to me, though I comforted myself with the remembrance that the little I had seen of him was incomparably more agreeable than his lady. Scarcely, however, had I a little recovered from the surprise, when Edgar brought me another message. Mrs. Popham particularly wished to come with her husband, and so did Georgy—just themselves—nobody else, unless we had any pleasant friend or two we might like to ask to meet them—no fuss or ceremony—their footman should help to wait at table—they only wanted a sociable meeting. I was not to put myself to inconvenience, or have anything out of the way, for they were the easiest people to please in the world.

If *they* were easily pleased, I was not; I was in despair. I knew my guests by this time, and was perfectly aware that they would expect a real dinner party, and be highly affronted with less. And Edgar, instead of sympathizing with my consternation, seemed to think it all rather a good joke. He had seen it coming some time, he said, only he would not alarm me too soon; he had no fear whatever but that all would go right; I could manage worse difficulties than these; what money must I have? He should set it down to professional expenses, and make some innocent person pay the penalty, one way or another. In short, I saw he wished it done, and from that moment resolved to do it well.

A first dinner party is always a nervous matter, even when you have nothing to do but to order whatever is in season; or, if you are extremely fashionable, whatever is out of season; but when you have to combine elegance with economy—hospitality with good management—and at once keep within the bounds of a judicious reserve, and leave no room for a slur on your housekeeping, it is rather a difficult problem to solve. And when you are patronized all the time by an affectionate friend like Mrs. Popham, it becomes, let me in all candor confess, a trial of temper. We did our best to forestall her imagined wishes, selecting, if not our most esteemed acquaintances to meet them, those whom we thought they would prefer to meet; and resolved, as it was to be, it should be with as good a grace as possible. But the confidence we began to feel in our resources was by no means shared by Mrs. Popham. Though she answered the note of invitation in person, and accepted for the party in such very gracious terms, and with so many expressions of anticipated amusement, that I was half inclined (my temper, as hinted above, being on trial) to tell her that if she made such a favor of it she had better stay away—she sent me, during the intervening week, three several missives, all bearing, more or less, on the arrangements of my table. First it was about the dreadful draught under the dining-room door, which she had not liked to mention the last time she had luncheon with me, and only mentioned now on darling Georgy's account; then came a confidential note about some particular kind of biscuit, without which Mr. Popham could never enjoy his glass of wine, and which was only to be had at some particular shop a long way off; and—what the last was I forget. I only know that, by way of climax, as I was taking a hurried luncheon, on the very day of the proposed party—a dull, gloomy, piercing day, enough to drive all the spirit of hospitality out of the breast of any hostess in the world—a fly drove up to the door, depositing Miss Acton and Sophy after a visit to the dentist. It was the only treat that human ingenuity at Richmond could devise capable of bribing Miss Hounslow to have a tooth out; and this Edith was desired to tell me, as a compliment calculated to puff me up with pride; but she was evidently so ashamed to give the message, I was sure it was not the real reason of their coming. I could not help laughing, notwithstanding my vexation, as I set them down to their cold meat, and told them they were lucky to get anything at all. "You must take the consequences," I said; "if you come on a busy day, you must expect to be busy too. I have no time to sit and talk to you, and no room for cake-making, so if you stay you must be useful, and help as much as you can."

I could not have suggested a more popular novelty, as far as Sophy was concerned; she was perfectly entranced at being set to do little offices of general utility, helping me to get out my best china, blanching the almonds, and arranging the dessert, with as much delight as if it had been all part of a big baby house, got together purely for her individual amusement. If she was useful, Edith Acton was invaluable. We had met two or three times since that first visit, and I had seen her each time under circumstances that had convinced me her temper was far superior to her taste in drawing. I am rather observing in small matters; and little traits of unselfishness and honesty, that escaped her unconsciously, did not escape *me*. Therefore I felt no repugnance, after the first vexation was over, to letting her into all the mysteries of my frugal household; and was even coaxed into allowing her to undertake a complicated piece of needlework on my personal behalf, which I had really not had time to do before. We were too busy to notice how time was going, till we became aware all at once that it was very dark, and that the fog was thickening; and Edith began to wonder their fly had not come according to order. Even while she was wondering, the atmosphere seemed to grow dense as a wall round the windows, the lamps faded into dimness, the rattle of wheels became muffled, and even the air of the house partook of the thickness of the exterior.

"My dears," I said, after reconnoitring the street, "if your conveyance does not come, I cannot send out for another in this fog. You must stay where you are till dinner time, and go back in Mrs. Popham's carriage."

Edith shook her head, and looked troubled and uneasy; but Sophy protested it was quite delightful, and if the stupid coachman came now, she should hate him. To be allowed to drink tea out of my little bedroom tea-service, the wedding-gift of a dear friend, was only a lesser treat than being so exceedingly useful; and I never saw a child more thoroughly happy and good-humored. We had no time to devote to her amusement, and left her in contented enjoyment, while we were busy over the dress Miss Acton had been trimming; and so pleasant and winning had that young lady been in everything she had done for me that day, that as I took the finished work from her hands, I could not help giving her a grateful kiss, as if we had been old friends. To my surprise she clung round my neck, and I felt her sobbing so violently I was quite alarmed. My alarm perhaps helped her to recover herself before the tears had time to burst forth; she drank a little water, walked to the window a few minutes, and then after a quick glance at the door, as if to ascertain whether Sophy's sharp little ears were listening, began an apology, which, from what I knew of her history, I did not think at all required. I could well imagine, from the sadness that I had more than once detected in her gentle eyes, that that piece of good service in which her portly kinswoman gloried so complacently, had cost something in the doing, a wrench of the heart-strings, a blotting out of a bright dream—no one could see how worn was the young face, and not divine that such might be the cause. But I could not then ask her confidence, I was fain to turn my eyes away from the beseeching appeal of hers, for the afternoon was nearly gone, and my domestic cares were by no means ended. I had just stepped down to put a few finishing touches to the arrangement of my drawing-room, and was thinking, with some complacency, how pretty it looked for its size, and what excellent taste Edgar had in harmonizing colors, and selecting material, when the door-bell rang loudly, "Poor little Sophy!" I thought, "here is your truant driver at last." I listened—a man's voice was inquiring for me—a visitor, at this time of day, and on this of all days, when I was least at leisure! Surely I knew the voice, and yet it sounded like one I had not heard for a long time, and least expected to hear. It could hardly be, and yet it was; for there he stood before me, a tall, fair-haired young man, his beard, and even his eye-brows, steeped in fog—my cousin, Frank Wallace, the playfellow of a certain joyous period, that now seemed wonderfully long ago.

The sight of him brought back such a rush of dear memories, old associations, bygone hopes and fears, gladness and sorrow, that after the first start of recognition, I could hardly see his face, or speak his welcome. But he took it for granted, unspoken.

"I have found you out, you see," he said, as he grasped my hand in his," and found you, dissipated little woman of the world that you are, expecting no end of company, so I will not detain you a minute. I only want to give you joy, May, and to wish you all happiness and—good-by."

"Good-by?" I repeated; "and where then are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Australia. I sail next week, that is to say, if superior, fast-sailing clippers keep to their engagements, which, considering their sex, is doubtful. Well, little May, let me look at you. How happy you must be, if all I hear is truth! You have drawn a prize, my little woman; I knew Edgar Linton before you did, and you will not meet with his equal every day, I can tell you that."

I knew that as well as he did, but I loved him for saying it. I would not hear of his going till Edgar came in, and having coaxed him out of his coat and hat, we sat talking of past times, and forgot the exigencies of the present. At first he seemed shy of speaking of his own affairs, but as he warmed into confidence, he gradually revealed to me sundry facts I was sorry to hear; one being that he had refused the offer of his uncle and godfather of a good situation in his counting-house, with the prospect of a partnership, not from any dislike to business, but simply because he was sick of England, and only wanted to get as far away from it as he could. He knew he was throwing away a competency; his uncle was kindness itself, and told him he would not consider his refusal final, till he had actually sailed; but he could not settle down to a desk merely to put money into his own pocket; he longed for change, for excitement, for anything—here his voice dropped into a faltering murmur—that would help him to *forget*.

Alas, poor Frank! There was a confession ready to be poured forth there too, could I have waited to receive it—and by no means the first I had received in that quarter. Dear old fellow! he had always been in the habit of confiding his attachments to my sympathizing ear, and nearly every vacation brought me a new one. But there was a real sorrow in his voice and look now, and it seemed hard that I could not listen; and yet with the clock striking a later hour than I at all expected, and Edgar not come home—what could I do? Ah! there he was at last, coughing in a manner I did not at all approve, for his throat was his weak point. I ran down to greet him with the news that Frank was here.

"What! Frank Wallace?" he said; "that is capital. We are *sure* of one guest, at any rate."

"One?" I repeated, glancing at my well-appointed dinner-table, with all its modest display of plate and glass; "I wish it were only one with all my heart. It is high time we were both dressed; I expected you an hour ago."

"And well you might. Luckily, I secured a link-boy at last, and so made my way home. You have no idea what the streets are now; within the last half-hour the fog has grown something tremendous. How the Pophams will ever get here, I cannot imagine."

"They will have lamps, of course," suggested I.

"Lamps will not help them much if it goes on like this. But, however, it may clear, and we will hope it will, for their own sakes, as well as ours. It would be a pity all your charming arrangements should be wasted on old Frank,—and yet I will bet you a pair of gloves, May, that he is our only guest."

"You will?" I said, laughing; "then I take the bet—for I want a new pair for Sunday." I considered it all a joke, be it observed, for such an idea as a fog keeping Mrs. Popham away seemed too remote from possibility, even for a wager. Frank came down at that moment, and sad as he had been just before, the very sight of my husband seemed to brighten his spirits.

"I am just off, Linton," he said, as they were shaking hands; "I should not have got here to-day, but could not get into the City in the fog, and after blundering about, and missing my way several times, found myself in this street by accident. We will not keep May from her toilette, which I know is to be extensive to-night, but I can talk to you while you dress, and by that time these pleasant chimneys of yours must have done smoking. Dine with you as I am? No, thank you; not to disgrace Mrs. Linton in the eyes of the world, as having wretched relations, without a best coat to their backs. I will try and see you again before I sail, May. How glad I am to have had this peep at your establishment—how happy you must both be!"

He gave my hand such a squeeze that I nearly cried for mercy, and then went with Edgar into his little dressing-room, which was on the parlor floor. Just as I was hurrying up-stairs, he called out,

"May!"

"Well?" I said, looking over the banisters.

"May I have a weed among old Edgar's boots and shoes? It will be an immense improvement upon the fog."

"No, certainly not," was my almost indignant reply; "you must wait till you are in Australia before you behave like a backwoodsman." For I had been brought up to consider the smell of tobacco in the house as next to an iniquity, and the notion of its pervading my dining-room just as my guests were arriving, was enough to turn me cold. He laughed merrily as he looked up at me, and I was glad he had some of his old mischievous self left. What a pity he should throw up all his prospects and go off where he had none whatever! Perhaps Edgar might bring him to reason—we would have him to breakfast, and let them talk it all over; meanwhile, I must be dressed—and, oh dear, how glad I should be when to-morrow morning was come!

Little Sophy came to meet me with large frightened eyes. Cousin Edith was ill; she had turned quite faint and sick all in a minute—would I give her something to make her well? Edith ill—I flew to see, and was relieved to find her able to assure me it was nothing—only just a passing sensation—yes, a few drops of sal-volatile would just do; she would not keep me from dressing, she knew I must be anxious to go down again. And yet she seemed longing to say something, if I had given her the least encouragement: but how could I, late as I was, and Mrs. Popham due any minute?

I was quickly dressed, and went down to receive my visitors. Never shall I forget that interval of waiting; how thankful I was at first to be in time; how gradually I began to fidget about my bill of fare, every dish fated to be overdone; how ludicrous at last became the position of sitting in state to receive people who did not come, and seemed to have no intention of coming; especially when Edgar looked in every now and then, to hope I was not overpowered with my exertions to be agreeable, and blandly observed that you might cut the fog with a knife.

"Please to remember, my love," he said, at last, "that I prefer Jouvin's gloves to any other, and that my favorite color is a delicate brown—like your hair. Frank declares he cannot wait dinner much longer."

"And please to remember," was my reply, "that I particularly admire pale fawn color, and that my number is six and three-quarters. Frank will not be our only guest, for Miss Acton is here, and little Sophy Hounslow."

"You don't mean that?" he exclaimed, much amused; "you are a woman of resources, indeed. I should never have imagined you had such a reserve." I explained how it had occurred, and he rubbed his hands with a keen satisfaction that rather surprised me. "Bring them down; bring them both down. I will go and fetch Frank, and we will have a grand dinner-party yet, in spite of the stars and the fog."

I found Edith so much recovered, that I had little difficulty in prevailing with her to accept our invitation; Sophy capering with joy at the unlooked-for happiness of "dining late," even though bound by strict promises not to ask for anything until the jelly came. The only draw-back to her bliss was the fear that "her hair was not properly done," and Cousin Edith could not do it *in the least*, and oh, would dear, darling Mrs. Linton put it up for her as she did the other day? It was true that I had, on one occasion, made her little head tidy after my own fashion, which she had been teasing her maid ever since, in vain, to imitate; and knowing I had a few minutes still, while dinner was being served, I bade Edith go down to the drawing-room, and as quickly as I could arrange my little guest's wayward tresses. Quick as I thought myself, it took me more minutes than I calculated upon, and I hurried her down at last, before she was half satisfied that her appearance would produce the effect she desired.

"Well, Sophy," said Edgar, coming up to meet us as we entered, "this is very kind and good of you, indeed, to come and dine with us, when grandmamma has failed us so cruelly. We must keep up each other's spirits, and you must sit by me at dinner, to dry my tears if I give way unexpectedly."

I knew every cadence of my husband's voice so well, that directly he spoke, I was sure there was some more solid ground for his good spirits than the fact of having provided a dinner to which nobody could come; and while he went on rattling with the delighted child, I glanced at my other guests. What had come over them, too, since I saw them last? They were standing on the hearthrug together, Frank with his arm on the chimney-piece, playing with one of my most precious Dresden ornaments as heedlessly as if it had been a pewter mug; his face, so desponding and troubled a little while ago, now lighted up with a glad hope, that seemed to throw radiance on the room, in spite of the dense atmosphere we were all breathing. Edith Acton, looking shyly at the fire, while listening to what he was saying so eagerly and yet so low; the paleness gone from her cheeks, the sadness from her brow—nervous, trembling, starting when I spoke to her, and as unlike her former self as spring sunshine to December fog.

"Well, May!" said Frank, letting go my little teacup, but happily without breaking it, "here is glorious weather!"

"Very," said I; "you will not meet with such in Australia, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not; and now you mention it, May, I really do not think I could live without it; it seems to agree with me so well. I shall make tremendous havoc among your *entremets*."

"Have you been introduced to Miss Acton, sir, or may I have the pleasure—"

"Excuse me, May, but I must explain that I have had the very great pleasure of meeting Miss Acton before; and to tell you the truth, could not have believed it possible that such a piece of good fortune could be reserved for me, as that of meeting her again."

A light began to dawn on my understanding; I looked at him again, his eyes were dancing—then at Edith, hers were full of tears—but such happy tears! I could not have wished to exchange them for such a smile as she had worn in the day.

I had a dozen questions to ask, but she made me a quick expressive sign of entreaty, and I recollected that small representative of Mrs. Popham, and of that useful species of vessel, known for the length of its auricular organs. Now, too, I understood why my husband was so devotedly engaged in whispering ghost stories in her ear at the farther end of the room.

Dinner was announced—my poor dinner, the fruit of so much thought, the object of so much anxiety—and we went down to the dining-room, with all its covers laid for the absent Banquos, and I must own I felt it was a pity. The less we say about it the better, the rather that the guests who partook thereof were in that state of mind, in which the senses and judgment slumber alike, and had I set them down to cold shoulder of mutton, or suggested that we should all have a little gruel, they would have been as well pleased, and very little the wiser. With one of them on either side of me, their eyes meeting perpetually in spite of Edith's efforts to prevent it, and their voices and manner betraying the almost painful intensity of the happiness that had come on them so suddenly, I felt too excited myself to know much of what I was eating, or what I was talking about; only the more confused I found myself becoming, the more I talked—very foolishly, I am afraid, for Edgar told me afterwards, he had no idea I had such a fund of anecdote and conversation.

It mattered very little; those two heard, understood nothing but themselves; and had I been wise as Socrates, and witty as Sydney Smith, wisdom and wit were wasted then. In p
from table, and hav
be undressed by the
bed she was to sh
down to receive the
had a few hours soo
was now the tone in

"You little kne
you asked me how
up-stairs, how well
artist's hand—how
its frame, and carry
nothing of his—no
paper—and the blan
times, were almost
I can hardly believe
and I have spoken
still all I thought
grateful enough for

"Tell me," I as
derstanding was p
so much attached?"

She had some di
she did not wish
one; but the facts,
for themselves. H
early broken up, a
aunt, with whom
afterwards lived, w
away of Mrs. Popha
allowance she mad
pleasure. Her sist
had married the cu
their poverty, thoug
had been so great
ham, when she vi
that she had made
stand that sort of
again. "She foun
pie, and she never
smiling, though her
ful, as well it migh
reminding her tha
ever got into debt,
more than many wi
that only made it
had neither credit
if you only knew h

I could quite bel
hear about Frank,
was not so clear:
had spoken severely
and that poor grand
a week after the
knew what really p
said, the affair ha
naged that Frank
resentment at what
while she was left
had given her up.
to come to an un
short time they had
too curiously inquir
rectly their eyes me
souls, and they kne
fore a word was spo

How happy they
ting together with
open before them
no more heed to m
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sation! Edgar and
mote their enjoym
notice of them as
his violin, and I op
gave them soft mo
rich harmonies of
paniment to the in
from their hearts,
garden.

By twelve o'cloc
to disturb them s
powered my sympa
intention of retirin
with a dismayed ap
up so late, wondere
was now. We open
were once more vis
was clearing fast
change of wind. T
work, and was go
golden sunset of
sweeter memories

Frank came to br
and we were mak
contre-temps of the
ther she had slept
years had been ta
threefold beauty re
we were surprised
ham. He was anx
the fate of his little
more to condole wi
ment which they h
flict—compelled n
roic perseverance o
lady, whom nothin
persuade to relinqu
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with two other co
cated with some
panels smashed in.
pleasant it was to
we were not expect
ging his shoulders,
regret and commise
Elizabeth dining o
half the servants o
nothing one cared
wretched an evenin
honor I never had
get over it at all,
till really I had to
and it ended in her
spending the eveni
this morning she h
Popham has a sad
you she thought i
serious, and she
weather sooner tha
your pains and trou
in great dismay w
found no Sophy, a
prevent her comin
safe—I was sure
ton's hands, and u
that which quiete
trust Edith, she c
self; but I believe
rectly, for she said
till she knew it wa

It was rather a
although Mrs. Hou
mother in face and
site in easy good
of Mrs. Popham's
our horizon, it bec
portance to secure
one who might p
fast was soon de
Edith and Sophy u
ham, good, easy m
of Edgar and Fra
fall upon him th

d wit had been equally
ity to both, I rose early
ing despatched Sophy to
e maid, and put into the
are with her cousin, sat
confidence I might have
ner. But how different
which it was given!
w," Edith said, "when
liked that Swiss sketch
I knew the touch of the
I longed to take it out of
it away with me. I had
a line, not a scrap of
k, and the longing, some-
more than I could bear.
now he is in the house,
to him, and know he is
once. How shall I be
such a change?"
id, "how such a misun-
ssible, if you were both
'
fficulty in explaining, for
to speak bitterly of any
s I gathered them, spoke
er own home had been
d the grandmother and
she and her sister had
ere completely under the
m, in virtue of a small
le them, subject to her
er, some few years ago,
rate of the parish, and
gh they never complained,
an offence to Mrs. Pop-
sited the neighborhood,
e old Mrs. Acton under-
thing must not happen
d Alice one day making a
forgave it," said Edith,
tone was a little resent-
t be, "and it was no use
t neither she nor John
and that they gave away
th larger means; she said
worse, for it showed they
nor common sense. And
ow good they both are!"
lieve it, but I wanted to
and on that point Edith
she knew Mrs. Popham
y to her aunt about him,
dmamma had been ill for
interview, but she never
assed. As Mrs. Popham
l been managed—so ma-
had been driven away in
he felt to be ill usage,
nder the belief that he
How they had contrived
derstanding in the very
l been together, I did not
re; but it seemed as if di-
et, a veil fell from their
w they were beloved be-
oken.
r were that evening, sit-
a sketchbook of mine
on the table, and paying
y best productions than
y dinner, or my conver-
d I did our best to pro-
cent, by taking as little
possible: he brought out
pened the piano, and we
vements of Mozart, and
Beethoven, as an accom-
mmortal music breathing
as it breathed first in the

k—we had not the heart
ooner—my fatigue over-
thy, and I announced my
g. Frank started up, and
ology for keeping us all
d what sort of a night it
ed the shutter, the lamps
ible, and the atmosphere
nder the influence of a
he fog had done its kindly
one; and never did the
summer evening leave
ehind.
eakfast the next morning,
ing very merry over the
day before—Edith, whe-
or not, looking as if ten
ken from her age, and a
stored to her face—when
by a visit from Mr. Pop-
tious, of course, to know
granddaughter; but still
th me on the disappoint-
nd been compelled to in-
otwithstanding most he-
n the part of his amiable
g would for a long time
ish the attempt to reach
ually came to a collision
rriages, and were extri-
difficulty, and one of the
"You may imagine how
return to a house where
ed," he continued, shrug-
as we all expressed our
eration. "Hounslow and
ut in the neighborhood,
t of the way, first low,
to eat—I never had so
g, Mrs. Linton—upon my
Poor Georgy could not
and scolded us all round,
give her a bit of my mind,
bursting out crying, and
ng in her bedroom; and
s the face-ache, and Mrs.
cold—but I was to assure
would be nothing very
would have braved any
n disappoint you after all
uble. Poor Elisabeth was
hen she came home and
nd it was all I could do to
g off to see if she were
she would be in Mrs. Lin-
nder Edith's care. It was
d her at last; she could
wned, as she would her-
you will see her here di-
she would not be happy
s all right."
a relief to hear this, for
nslow was very like her
figure, she was her oppo-
nature; and as the image
wrath loomed darkly on
ame a matter of some im-
a favorable hearing from
rove an ally. Our break-
spatched, and I carried
p-stairs, leaving Mr. Pop-
an, to the tender mercy
nk, who looked ready to
e instant they had him
alone. They were still shut up together, and Edith had had time to grow very nervous, when Mrs. Hounslow arrived, positively running up-stairs—an effort on her part almost unparalleled—in her eagerness to be assured her darling had not been very unhappy. Finding, from the darling's own pungent remarks, that she had been as happy as possible, and didn't want to go home, and liked drinking tea out of Mrs. Linton's pink cup and saucer, and dining late afterwards with the gentlemen, for Mr. Linton was so kind and funny—Mrs. Hounslow's spirits revived, and she began to talk over the misfortunes of the evening with considerable zest. She had never seen mamma so put out in her life, and it was a mercy they were not all killed; as it was, they were laid up, and could not come and call, but they sent their kindest love, and a thousand regrets, and hopes that dear Mrs. Linton had not taken it too much to heart—it was such a trying thing to happen to a young housekeeper, and enough to put Mr. Linton quite out of temper; gentlemen never stood these little worries well; Mr. Hounslow would have been put out for a week. I answered her with due cordiality, and having said all that I knew was expected, of regret, sympathy, and obligation, I took occasion, while Edith was dressing Sophy up-stairs, to tell her what had occurred, and ask her advice and assistance. She listened with as much interest as if it had been an amusing fiction, and frankly assured me, she could not conceive, for her part, why mamma was so fond of managing and muddling other people's affairs, and if Edith liked Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Wallace liked Edith, what could it matter to mamma how much they had to live upon? She didn't suppose they would expect *her* to give them anything. Oh, yes, she had been told something about Edith's having an unfortunate attachment, and she knew old Mrs. Acton was afraid to say her soul was her own before mamma, for fear she should stop her pension—and by-the-by, she might do so now, if they did not mind what they were about. Poor, dear Edith! so fond as she was of the darling children, too, and they of her—she had intended asking her to spend Christmas with them at Brighton: yes, yes, she would see what could be done—she would talk to Mr. Hounslow and hear what he said. He liked Edith, and had been very short with Georgy yesterday for having contrived she should go into town about Sophy's tooth, just when Sir Henry and Lady Wolstenley, from Alice's parish, were coming to luncheon. He was sure it was done on purpose, because they were ashamed of her being known to be the sister of the curate's wife; and most likely he was right.

At this moment Sophy ran in, full of a wonderful thing she had forgotten to tell her mamma, which happened to her last night. Mr. Linton had pulled a cracker with her at dessert, and a big almond and motto fell into her plate, and the motto was in French, so she could not read it, but he had whispered to her what it meant, as a great secret, and what did mamma think it could be? It was that she was soon to be a bridesmaid. Did mamma think it possible it could be true?

Mamma thought it very possible if they could prevail on grandmamma; and from that moment I felt we had two such allies on our side, as even Mrs. Popham might find it hard to resist.

And so it proved, for not all the arguments of Mr. Popham, whom Edgar and Frank did not allow to escape till they had fairly talked him into acquiescence—all the straightforward liberality of Frank's uncle, who immediately, on the receipt of his nephew's submission, came forward with arms and purse equally open, to smooth down the difficulties in his path of life—all my own diplomatic appeals to her oft-expressed regard for myself, and the satisfaction with which I contemplated even a connection so remote—not all that could be urged on behalf of either separately, or both combined, by any or all of us, in any possible way, would have prevailed to overcome her resentment as they did, had they not been hourly supported by Sophy's firm resolve to be a bridesmaid. Sophy, as I said before, was very like her grandmamma, and that great woman might have consoled herself for yielding, like England to her American colonies, with the knowledge that it was from herself the conqueror had learned to conquer.

If anything had been needed to make my satisfaction complete in becoming a connection of Mrs. Popham's, it was given me, in the fact that from this time that excellent lady paid me much less attention than formerly, and could never be induced, under any pretence, to accept another invitation to dinner.

Frank and Edith settled as near us as they could, and every year drew us closer together in the ties of tried and valued friendship. We met at each other's houses, we joined company in our husbands' holidays, we shared each other's joys—yes, and sorrows too, such as will come, even in the most loving homes—the deeper, at times, for their being so loving; but many a time have we turned away from the loveliest scenery and the most glorious sky, to recall with grateful affection our debt to our much-abused benefactor, the *London fog*.

ANNA H. DRURY.

☞ In Paris many ladies now ornament the chignon with little rows of curls, having tiny bells attached to them; and many have small castanets suspended in this manner, which make a lively rattle at each movement of the head.

☞ Galignani's Messenger says Mgr. Benaglia, Bishop of Lodi, has just entered his hundredth year. He reads without glasses, and himself manages most of the affairs of his diocese without his memory or judgment being ever at fault. He also performs the most fatiguing duties of his episcopacy. He has been a bishop for thirty years.

☞ It is believed in Paris that the chance for intervention in Italian affairs was welcomed for the purpose of testing the Chassepot rifle, and it is remembered that Prussia tried her needle-gun on the Danes before venturing upon war with Austria. General Failly telegraphed from Rome, in his official report, that "our Chassepot guns have done wonders." Their fire is compared to the running down of an alarm clock. They were fired from eight to ten times a minute, and inflicted terrible wounds.

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MAKE BELIEVE.

Kiss me, though you make believe—
  Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive;
  Let the tide one moment flow
Backward, ere it rise and break;
Only for poor pity's sake!

Give me of your flowers one leaf!
  Give me of your smiles one smile;
Backward roll this tide of grief
  Just a moment, though the while
I should feel, and almost know,
You are trifling with my woe!

Whisper to me sweet and low—
  Tell me how you sit and weave
Dreams about me, though I know
  It is only make believe!
Just a moment, though 'tis plain
You are jesting with my pain. A. C.

☞ It is related that while President Lincoln's child lay dead at the White House a Western office-seeker persistently sought an interview with him in order to procure a place about to be vacated by resignation. The President reminded the applicant of his domestic calamity, saying that the time for such business as his was unseasonable. "Well," said the fellow, "how soon does the funeral come off?"

☞ Deaths from base ball violence number about one per month.

☞ H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, during 1866 sold $78,000,000 worth of dry goods—the largest year's business of any wholesale house in the world.

☞ PROFESSIONAL.—A Vienna actress deciding to break a marriage engagement, at the very last moment sent the professional excuse, "Fraulein Gallmeyer is unfortunately hoarse, and cannot attend the ceremony."

☞ Deschanel, a French man of letters, has published a work entitled "Le Mal qu'on a dit des Femmes" ("The Evil that they say of Women"). He afterwards produced a companion volume, "Le Bien qu'on a dit des Femmes" ("The Good that they say of Women"), and these two volumes, together with a more interesting one, "Les Femmes Peintes par Elles Memes" ("Women Described by Themselves"), may be seen on most bookstalls in Paris. The first work has reached its seventh edition; the second is found to be unsalable!

☞ A Cincinnati gentleman who has been married for the past twenty years, has always desired to be the father of a daughter—his children being all boys. So great, indeed, has been his desire for a daughter, that he has often prayed that Providence might bless him with one. A kind Providence was not deaf to his prayers, for, to his great surprise, he was granted three girls a few days ago, there being about three hours difference in their ages. He is a little afraid now that he overdid matters—like the minister who prayed for rain, and a young flood came which drowned out everybody.

SHUN pride, O Rae! whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swell's a self-elected saint.
—*Tom Hood.*

☞ A Madrid paper says scientific researches have established the fact that the Pyrenees have, in the last twenty years, lost thirty metres of altitude. Supposing the depression to continue, our worthy contemporary calculates that, after the lapse of one thousand years, the chain that separates Spain from France will realise the celebrated words, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrenees" by disappearing altogether, in which case the Ebro will fall into the Bay of Biscay instead of emptying itself into the Mediterranean.

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PAGE MISSING